

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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HOMEWARD BOUND.

Blow, blow, ye western breezes wild!
 Leap, leap, ye billows green!
 Though lightnings tear the murky air,
 No terror's in the scene —
 No terror's in the scene, my hearts,
 No terror's in the scene;
 Though stormy foes around us close,
 Our haven we shall win.

The thunder crashes o'er our heads,
 The tempest howls around,
 But music's in the maddening din;
 For we are homeward bound —
 For we are homeward bound, my boys,
 For we are homeward bound,
 The masts may bend and canvas rend,
 But every timber's sound.

Our sweethearts now in tears look out,
 And mark the sailing wrack,
 That hurries o'er the dismal shore,
 Where foaming billows break —
 Where foaming billows break, my boys,
 Where foaming billows break;
 By night and day they weep and pray
 That we may safe come back.

But joy shall dry those streaming eyes,
 And thrill each fair one's breast,
 When, home at last, our anchor's cast
 In love's own port of rest —
 In love's own port of rest, my boys,
 In love's own port of rest,
 Where Beauty smiles and mirth beguiles
 With many a song and jest.

How swift we mount these watery hills!
 As light as horse or hound;
 Our good ship knows, as on she goes,
 That she is homeward bound —
 That she is homeward bound, my hearts,
 That she is homeward bound;
 For every gale that swells her sail
 Sings — We are homeward bound!
 Under the Crown. H. J. BLYTH.

STRANGERS NOW!

YEARS of chequered life together,
 Days of fair and stormy weather,
 Hours of toil, and weary pain,
 Moments of eternal gain, —
 All are gone, — we know not how,
 And have left us strangers now!

Words that flowed to lighten care,
 Thoughts which others could not share,
 Hopes too bright for mortal eyes,
 Prayers for wisdom from the skies, —
 All have ceased, — we know not how,
 And have left us strangers now!

Will it evermore be thus?
 Shall the past be lost to us?
 Can the souls, united here,
 Never once again be near?
 Must we to the sentence bow —
 "Strangers ever, strangers now"?

Thorns amid the roses press;
 Earth is but a wilderness;
 Flitting o'er a fallen race,
 Love can find no resting-place:
 Where his flowers immortal grow,
 Shall we strangers be as now?

ASCENSION DAY.

UPWARD with Thee!
 Beyond the dim, thick mists of earth,
 That blur each holy thought;
 Beyond the griefs of mortal birth,
 With restless murmurs fraught;
 Beyond the weary days of toil,
 Whose harvest seems but weeds;
 Beyond the nights of heart-turmoil,
 When hope dies out in needs.

Upward with Thee!
 Bearing but meagre, ill-ripe sheaves,
 As fruit of all our life;
 Bearing dry and shrivelled leaves,
 Parched by human strife;
 Bearing "the talent" hid by sloth,
 Wasted, dead, abused;
 Bearing "the lamp" our hands were loth
 To trim, or light, unused.

Yet upward still with Thee!
 Thy mighty, blessed Love forgives
 The ill our years have wrought;
 Thy arm uplifts each heart that lives,
 To Thee by sorrow brought;
 Thy mercies are the wings that bear
 Our fainting souls to God;
 Thy angels soothe all tears, all care,
 Prints where Thy feet once trod.

Upward with Thee!
 Above — O infinite release;
 Thou bid'st us share thy rest;
 No earthiness invades that peace —
 Thyself crowns Heaven blest!
 Above — to meet each long-lost friend
 Death bore from mortal sight;
 In Thee our spirit-lives to blend
 'Mid joy that knows no blight.
 Transcript. E. T. H.

As old author quaintly remarks: — Avoid argument with ladies. In spinning yarns among silks and satins, a man is sure to be worsted and twisted. And when a man is worsted and twisted, he may consider himself wound up.

From The British Quarterly Review.
WORKS BY MRS. OLIPHANT.*

If we may judge from the publishers' advertising lists and from the critical columns of the reviews, there is at this moment a sensible decline in the power of Women's Novels, an indication that the feminine genius of this generation has touched its high-water mark, and that the ebb has begun. No general vote of popularity has exalted any young authoress into sudden fame and fortune for some years past. We who remember the acclaim that greeted 'Currier Bell' and 'George Eliot,' listen in vain for any thrill of the same universal voice. Mr. Thackeray's daughter has draped his mantle very gracefully on her shoulders, but she requires a cultivated taste for her due appreciation, and a cultivated taste is not the taste of the majority; Miss Braddon keeps up her name and multiplies her editions, but her clients are of the lower intellectual order. In default, therefore, of any new star of the first magnitude in the literary firmament, we are truly thankful for the favourite old luminaries who rose above the horizon twenty years since, and still go on mildly shining over the waste of literary waters that heave and rock all round this restless and reforming age; and for none are we more thankful than for Mrs. Oliphant, perhaps the fullest, steadiest light of them all.

- * (1.) *Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland, of Sunnyside. Written by Herself.*
- (2.) *Lilliesleaf.*
- (3.) *Merkland.*
- (4.) *The House on the Moor.*
- (5.) *Harry Muir.*
- (6.) *Adam Graeme of Mossgray.*
- (7.) *Magdalen Hepburn.*
- (8.) *Laird of Norlaw.*
- (9.) *The Atherlings.*
- (10.) *Zaidee.*
- (11.) *Madonna Mary.*
- (12.) *Agnes.*
- (13.) *Orphans.*
- (14.) *Katie Stewart.*
- (15.) *The Quiet Heart.*
- (16.) *The Days of my Life.*
- (17.) *A Son of the Soil.*
- (18.) *The Brownlows.*
- (19.) *Agnes Hopetoun's Schools and Holidays.*
- (20.) *The Life of Edward Irving.*
- (21.) *Religious Life in France.*
- (22.) *Chronicles of Carlingford.*

The Macaulays of posterity, if there be any gratitude in them, will surely avow themselves indebted to this generation for the mass of solid, reliable, social history embodied in its novels. Supposing a case:—Should the Church of England, as a State religion, not see the century out—an eventuality we could not affect to deplore—the clerical annals of Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Anthony Trollope, George Eliot, and Mrs. Oliphant will be of some service. As long as any library preserves a copy of them, it will be difficult to assert, without risk of contradiction, that it fell by the corruption of its parish clergy; from amongst them came the Puritans of Elizabeth's and James's days, the Nonconformists of the Restoration Period, and the Methodists of the Georgian Era; leaving in the Church, it cannot be honestly denied, with many of a different character, as good livers and as pious divines as themselves, who were yet sincerely attached to its constitution.

Most of us can admit, now that we are far enough away and safe from the fires of Roman bigotry, that the Roman monks and missionaries did some excellent work; so, possibly, when the old Church of England is gone, and the generations to come review it in the living pictures of these nineteenth century novelists, they may feel that its past is worthy of much respect. The poet and the imaginative writer of Nonconformity, the Milton and the Defoe of this generation, have yet to arise; and surely in the ancient trials and persecutions of Nonconformists and in their present life there are true elements of poetry for talent to combine. In 'Rufus Lyon,' George Eliot has done justice to a somewhat eccentric type of Nonconformist minister, but the majority of the best-known sketches of Nonconformity, lay or clerical, are mere caricatures by persons who know it only from the outside. For a true and sympathetic view of modern life amongst Dissenters, we want a writer born and bred in dissent, and with that endowment of genius which is the gift of God. We shall give him a warm welcome when he appears; and the world beyond us will, no doubt, give him a warm welcome too.

Mrs. Oliphant manifests a lively interest in every system of ecclesiasticism with which she is acquainted; and, as she expounds

their various developments in common life, she makes her readers share this interest. She wishes us perfectly to understand that she does not consider Christianity to be the exclusive property of any sect; in her philosophy, one religious profession is as good as another, and she preaches her principles of tolerance from this text in some of the cleverest novels that the language boasts. She is a very prolific writer, and her method has naturally undergone modifications; we will not say that her tone has changed, but it has certainly relaxed; and is now just so much easier than at first as the South is softer than the North. It was with a distinctly serious intent that she portrayed, many years ago, the Scotch minister in his manse, in both poverty and riches, prosperous in quiet days, and then involved in the dissensions of the kirk to the loss of his living; but since she left the bracing air of moor and moss, and settled down in the good society of Carlingford, within a pleasant distance of London, where most people are 'brought up in the old-fashioned orthodox way of having a great respect for religion and as little to do with it as possible,' she has gradually acquired more and more of the airs and manners of Carlingford, and has learnt to indulge in a vein of sarcasm when talking of the clergy which is no doubt extremely entertaining to light-minded persons, but to the serious is gravely reprehensible. In this vein she gives us an Archdeacon of the Broad Type; Rectors High Low, and Negative in their views: a Perpetual Curate responsible only to his Bishop, and a poor Curate, with a poor spirit to match, responsible to his Rector's wife; and more incisively than any of these, she limns a Nonconformist preacher, a young genius fresh from Homerton, writhing in the alternate embraces and clutches of his flock, and his low-bred friend who, casually occupying his pulpit, makes 'an' it,' and ultimately supersedes him in his office of pastor to the delightful Carlingford 'connexion' worshipping at Salem Chapel.

It will be seen that Mrs. Oliphant's clerical portraits are numerous, and we allow that they are well done. Nor will we complain that there is no very pure or lofty spirit amongst them — no Curate Crawley, or Rufus Lyon. She knows her own strength

best when she refrains her pen from the highest humanity. Her picture-gallery is full of every-day people — a crowd of them — but they all please us more or less from their likeness to the people we know. As an artist she is akin to Miss Austen, but much more diffuse. She makes us smile often, but she very rarely moves us to tears, either by her pathos or her tragedy, for she encumbers both with too many words. She describes everything with precision, and by the time we have done with the piled-up anguish, we are too familiar with it, and too weary for sympathy. This is a fault, but when an artist gives us such fair pictures of middle-class life, in fair flowing English, we are more than contented, though they may not bear the sign-manual of genius.

It is curious to observe to what opposite styles of fiction the term *Novel* is applied. What a gulf lies between 'Lady Audley' and 'Mrs. Margaret Maitland,' for instance; yet non-discriminators, whose principle it is to distrust and denounce all fiction, shake their wise heads at them both as common 'Three-volume Novels,' blindly classing them in the same category; though the first is a resuscitation of the notorious poisoner Brinvilliers, enacting a series of modern crimes, and the second is a beautiful sermon in action on pure and holy living. These perverse lovers of mere facts are now, however, an insignificant and daily decreasing minority. This is a reading generation, and it must have literary provender of one sort or another. The store of old facts is necessarily limited, and the supply of new ones is not enough for its needs; besides, many old facts are worn threadbare, and not all are valuable or wholesome; indeed, we think that some real lives would be better forgotten, and many events that have happened would be as well lost in the mists of antiquity. The magazines are so numerous now that they are hard put to it for materials to fill their pages, and an industrious collector for one of those most deservedly popular, gave us lately a nightmare of murders as 'Old Stories Retold.' They are true — they are undeniable facts; nevertheless, we are distinctly of opinion that the most sensational of blood-and-thunder romances would be infinitely less likely to prove harmful than are these cold, elaborate

details of cruelties done and suffered for by men and women whose names enjoy the ghastly celebrity of the 'Newgate Calendar.'

We are, therefore, ready to maintain, at the point of the critical pen, that novels are necessary: that a good novel is a good history: that a poor novel is better than the dressing up, gala-fashion, of old iniquities: and that the veriest failure of a novel is less vexatious than a bad biography, or than any history that pretends to be true, and falls short of its subject. Our own preference inclines to the sunshiny view of life in fiction; though we do not object to tragedy now and then, nor even to a chapter from the dark side of morals, if it be painted with a firm, stern touch. But the cynical novel we like not, be it ever so clever — the novel that casts into immortal types the baser metal of humanity, and photographs into permanent blackness the transient suggestions of evil that come and go on the mind of the million; for we can never separate from the art of a book its influence; and many simple stories of simple life, told without pretension, are rich in 'those grains of hidden manna, those sweet and wholesome thoughts which nourish the soul, and refresh it when it is weary.'

Such a book is the first work of Mrs. Oliphant: 'Passages from the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside, written by Herself:' a book that charmed and soothed us when we were young, and which we can read over still on summer days and winter nights with undiminished satisfaction. Mrs. Margaret Maitland is no echo and no wraith, but a real living woman, set in the midst of the loving, hoping, fearing, stirring little world of a Scotch rural parish. The place in our regard that dear old lady of Sunnyside originally achieved she keeps, and we think of her always as a person whom we have known. Her story is very simple, but her way of telling it is delightful; and when, after the lapse of a few years, she takes up the thread of it again, and in 'Lilliesleaf' relates the married trials of 'the dear bairns' whose early days are the brightest passages in her own life, we take it up with her, and listen to the story as if it concerned personal friends of our

own from whom we have been severed for a while.

It is a great merit in a writer when she can thus compel us to realize her characters, and it is a power that Mrs. Oliphant possesses in a very high degree. These two books, 'Mrs. Margaret Maitland' and 'Lilliesleaf,' should be read consecutively. The personal experiences of Mrs. Margaret Maitland are not told in detail until she is 'an eldern person,' left alone in the quiet, pretty cottage of Sunnyside, to which she and her mother have betaken themselves on the death of the minister, her father. She has had her griefs of heart, but they are over, and God has comforted her; we get occasional glimpses of them, and very bitter they are, but the main story is that of her brother's children, Claud and Mary, at the manse of Pasture Lands, and of Grace, a little lassie, whom she brings up at Sunnyside in simple, piquant ways, quite unwitting that her charge is a rich heiress. In her sweet bright maidenhood Grace is reclaimed by her selfish father, and put under the care of fashionable Mrs. Lennox, his sister, to be mysteriously suppressed, and, if possible, bullied out of her inheritance of Oakenshaw, which is derived from her ill-used mother. Grace, however, bears a high spirit, and having discovered the truth about herself, she calmly resists her persecutors. We are very indifferent to this part of her adventures. She is much more at home at Sunnyside than in Edinburgh; and her heart being given to Claud Maitland before she is carried away, she returns eventually in triumph, having defeated wicked father, bad aunt, and foolish suitor, with her guardian's commands not to quit Sunnyside again at any one's bidding but his; and who should this guardian (a sarcastic old bachelor) be, but the lost love of Mrs. Margaret Maitland! Between Claud and Grace there are no difficulties but such as true love makes light of, and soon overcomes; but between Mary and Allan Elphinstone of Lilliesleaf there are weighty obstructions, doubts, fears, and sorrows of his own causing, and which we know will have their sequel when the two are married, and the first series of the Sunnyside Chronicle ends.

During the interval that elapses before Mrs. Margaret Maitland again takes up her pen the clouds have begun to gather visibly about the house of Lilliesleaf; and that she has a prescience of them is clear, from the saddened strain in which she resumes her narrative.

'When I came to Sunnyside the place looked strange to me. There it was upon its quiet brae, looking down upon Burrowstown, with the thorn hedge grown up high around it, and the ash trees midway down the road arching over to meet one another, and the very apple trees and currant bushes grown high and big, like the bairns that once played about the gate. It made my heart sad to look upon this house; I knew not wherefore. It minded me of the days when I was in my middling age, and when Grace and Mary, my dear bairns, with their young pleasures and their young troubles, were the joy of my heart. Woe's me! I was an aged woman now, and had little help to give them, that aye were used to come to me for counsel, and life was upon their bonnie heads with all its weights and its burdens; and I thought in my heart upon this lone house of Sunnyside, and the past that dwelt in it, and kent it was even like my old age and me. My maid Jenny was aged like myself; but Jenny was ever a cheery body, and aye was able for her canny work, and her crack with her old neighbours; and it was a comfort to see her kindly face again. . . . I tarried at the door looking down upon the town; truly change comes upon us, but the heavens and the earth change not. It might still have been that day twenty years ago when I came here with my mother, for all the difference that was in the place, or in what I looked forth upon. It was a pleasant day; the young ash leaves were loosening out from the branches, and there was a chirp in the air of all the birds of spring—and truly, I was both cheered and cast down in my own spirit, and I knew not which most. When I went in, it was aye still the same—the old things that aye put me in mind of old days, all standing as they used to stand, and my own very chair drawn to the new-kindled fire, as if Grace herself had put it there. I laid down my bonnet upon the table, and sat at the lone fireside, from which both life and pleasantness had passed away; and I could not send back the tear from my eye that came at the thought of what was gone; for truly the fireside of Claud, my brother, was, as deserted as mine. "Jenny," said I, "it is an eerie thing to think upon. Do you mind what a pleasure it was to do everything for the bairns? and now the bairns are sober men and women, and have their ain firesides, and their ain troubles; truly nature and the course of life are hard upon old folk." "But, Miss Marget, they're a' so weel," said Jenny, who was at the fire, rousing up the newly-lighted coals with the poker to make a blaze. "If any one of them was in distress I would mak my men; but just to look at that bonnie bairn-time at Lilliesleaf—it's enough to

make any heart rejoice." "Ay, Jenny, but the mother of a family like that has many cares," said I, for I was, without doubt, in a thankless and repining frame. "And what would ye have, Miss Marget?" said Jenny, "as lang as they're thriving, what's care but joy? Bless their bonnie faces every ane! I would like to ken wha daur be wae for Miss Mary, with yon four darlings at her fit. If it was the minister himself, he suld never say sae to Jenny."'

At sight of the young generation, of 'Miss Mary's' four darlings, 'Miss Marget' catches some of her old servant's cheerful and wise philosophy. Was there ever a sweeter picture than this, though you see the shadow of an invisible trouble in the background of it?

'I did not go to the door, but stood at the window, watching them. And in they came—all the bairns, skipping through the shadows of the trees, and running into the blithe morning light that was like themselves, so bonnie and fresh and innocent. They all gathered close about Jenny on the door steps; and every one had a word to tell her; and Jenny was so fain and so pleased that she was nigh to greeting; and I saw what a delight these little things were to every old person that had a right to them. Truly, there is nothing in the world so sweet or so blessed as the heritage of bairns. Susie, for all so genty and quiet a bairn as she was, was mounted up upon Jenny's shoulder; and that was how she came in to me, to the parlour where I was waiting. Jenny had on a short gown, made of a thrifty print, and a checked apron tied about her, as was right in the morning; and truly the strings had need to have been well sewn on, for the strain Claud gave them, tearing at the apron; though what the laddie wanted with it, except just mischief, I know not. Cosmo was behind them all, with his mamma. He was a big callant of his years, strong, and well grown; and it was his pride to be aye beside her, like a grown up man, taking care of her. Doubtless, Mary was proud of him, such a fine bold, bonnie boy as he was; but I could not help minding that there was aye a glance in Cosmo's eye, which meant that his father should have been there, and defied everybody to think less of his mother than of the Queen upon her throne.'

There is heartache in the story of 'Lilliesleaf,' but not heartbreak, for love abides still between the one who strays away and those who stand fast by duty, and justifies itself as the greatest power for good that God has given to his creatures, by bringing the prodigal home to his own roof and people in final repentance, forgiveness, and peace.

There is a changeful legend of young love woven into the serious warp and woof of the married lives at Oakenshaw, which

brightens and relieves the book. The heroine of it is Rhoda, Grace's half-sister, who has lived concealed from her for seventeen years, and is then abruptly thrown upon her charity by their unprincipled father. There is a streak of genius in Rhoda, but she is a wilful passionate girl, who hates her dependence, and tells her long-suffering entertainers that she would rather work with the reapers in the fields than live at ease in their fine house, and eat their bitter bread. Her lover is a match for her in pride, discontent, and temper, and though they both mend a little, and have a considerable fund of perverse affection between them, when they are finally married and quit the happy walls of Oakenshaw, with ambitious hopes and projects of getting on in the world, we have no desire to follow their fortunes. Soon after this event Mrs. Margaret Maitland takes her leave of us, being now old, and stricken in years. All is well at last; at Lilliesleaf and at Oakenshaw are great quiet and peace of heart. The labour of the elder generation prospers at the good bidding of the Lord, and 'the light of His countenance has brightened upon the path of all the bairns.'

Mrs. Oliphant is far too voluminous a writer to permit us to treat all her works in detail. We must in the majority of cases content ourselves with a passing allusion, and devote our space to the consideration of those novels by which her fame is, we trust, secured beyond this generation. 'Merklund' was her second story, and the scenery is Scotch again, as it is also in 'Harry Muir,' 'The Laird of Norlaw,' and 'Adam Graeme of Mossgray'; but in 'The House on the Moor' she has crossed the Border, and written a story as eerie and dreary as a sunless day on the fells in November. It is not a pleasant book. The bad people fill far more than their fair share of the stage, and they are dismal and uninteresting, and the misery amongst them is as all-pervading as an east-wind. The germ of the story is an iniquitous will, by which a man, with cunning spite against his son, leaves all his large possessions to accumulate in the hands of trustees until the said son's death, when they are immediately to devolve upon his grandson — a fine opportunity indeed, for the devil to set the evil passions of father and child to work! The authoress lets the Old Enemy avail himself of it to his heart's content. He has it entirely his own way; neither resists him, neither shows fight for an hour. Meaner, uglier domestic scenes than pass in 'The House on the Moor' were never drawn. The disinherited father allows his son to

grow up an utter cub, ignorant of his future, and a companion of village ale-house popularity. The two are of the same thoroughly bad and sour nature, and hatred, malice, and uncharitableness thrive between them as such ill-weeds will in a congenial soil. Only by grace of Susan, the daughter, do we ever get a gleam of sunshine throughout the ignoble tragedy. We shall not transcribe any of its scenes; it is a good *situation* wasted, which might have been put to excellent profit, if the authoress had but taken it up in her sweeter vein, and shown the victims of the old man's wicked device, resisting the devil with the natural affection and confidence of their kinship, instead of giving place to him at his first assault; and it would have been, so far as our judgment goes, a truer story, and certainly a pleasanter and more healthy story to study.

It is, however, by 'The Chronicles of Carlingford' that Mrs. Oliphant will most probably live and amuse her grandchildren to the third and fourth generation. They were published originally in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and in their collected form fill nine substantial volumes. They are capital studies of country-town life in our own times; and Carlingford has by their means become a much more real place to hundreds of readers than half the chief cities and celebrated places on the railway map.

'It is a considerable town now-a-days, but there are no alien activities to disturb the place — no manufactures, and not much trade. And there is a very respectable amount of very good society at Carlingford. To begin with, it is a pretty place — mild, sheltered, not far from town; and naturally its very reputation for good society increases the amount of that much-prized article. The advantages of the town in this respect have already put five per cent. upon the house-rents; but this, of course, only refers to the *real* town, where you can go through an entire street of high garden walls, with houses inside full of the retired exclusive comforts, the dainty economical refinements peculiar to such places; and where the good people consider their own society as a warrant of gentility less splendid, but not less assured, than the favour of Majesty itself.'

Reversing the order of the 'Chronicles,' we shall first review the career of 'Miss Majoribanks,' the public-spirited young lady who created this famous good society of Carlingford. Before her time it was a mere chaos of scattered and unapplied materials, like many another spot which remains to this hour dull as Tadmor-in-the-Wilderness, for want of an organizer like her. She is infinitely more loveable and admirable than heroines of novels in gen-

eral, and though we are meant to laugh at her good-humouredly throughout her trials and triumphs, we never lose sight of her honourable, liberal, serviceable qualities, or waver in our allegiance and liking. Mrs. Oliphant displays in this story an excess of that shrewd humour in which Lucilla Majoribanks is so gloriously deficient, and she becomes now and then as sarcastic as Mrs. Woodburn, who was the terror of Carlingford society when Lucilla was forming it. There is, indeed, a strong touch of caricature in several of her delineations in the 'Chronicles,' but even in the most exaggerated, the natural features are preserved. Every character is distinct as life, and their variety is as wonderful as life. But their portraits are laboured at. There is no question of etching or sketching with Mrs. Oliphant; she draws her faces and figures by line and rule, and paints every bit of them with minutest care. She takes nearly a score of lines to describe Miss Majoribank's hair, and nearly a dozen to show us her hands and feet. Perhaps it is not too much for so useful and remarkable a young woman; and there we have her at last, complete and rounded, thoroughly capable of the mission before her—a large girl, full and well-developed at fifteen, with a face that might ripen into beauty and become *grandiose*, and a mass of tawny hair that curled to exasperation. She lost her mother at this date, and would fain have remained at home to be 'a comfort to her dear papa,' but Dr. Majoribanks found himself so well able to dispense with her consolations (having his practice and an excellent old cook to see to his little dinners) that he sent Lucilla back to school for three years, and then to travel another year abroad, by which time she was a finished gentlewoman, and there could no longer be any pretence for keeping her away from the sphere which she was destined to revolutionize and enlighten. Like a judicious girl, she timed her journey to arrive at home by the train that reached Carlingford at half-past five, and the scene in which her coming is announced to Nancy, the important functionary who had hitherto ruled over the widowed establishment of Dr. Majoribanks, is a capital introduction for these leading personages in Lucilla's story.

'My daughter is coming home, Nancy,' said Dr. Majoribanks; 'you will have to make preparations for her immediately. So far as I can make out from this letter, she will arrive to-morrow by the half-past five train.'

'Well, sir,' said Nancy, with a tone of a woman who makes the best of a misfortune, 'it ain't every young lady as would have the sense

to fix an hour like that. Ladies is terrible tiresome in that way; they'll come in the middle of the day, when a body don't know in the world what to have for them, or they'll come at night, when a body's tired, and ain't got the heart to go in to a supper. There was always a deal of sense in Miss Lucilla, when she hadn't got nothing in her head.'

'Just so,' said Dr. Majoribanks, who was rather relieved to have got through the announcement so easily; 'you will see that her room is ready, and everything comfortable, and of course to-morrow she and I will dine alone.'

'Yes, sir,' said Nancy; but this assent was not given in the decisive tone of a woman whose audience was over, and then she was seized with a desire to arrange in a more satisfactory manner the cold beef on the sideboard. When she had secured this little interval for thought, she returned again to the table, where her master ate his breakfast with a presentiment. 'If you please, sir,' said Nancy, 'not to give you no vexation nor trouble, which every one knows it has been the aim o' my life to spare you, as has so much on your mind, but it's best to settle afore commencing, and then we needn't have no heart-burning—if you please, am I to take my orders of Miss Lucilla or of you, as I've always been used to? In the missus's time,' said Nancy, with modest confidence, 'as was a good missus, and never gave no trouble as long as she had her soup and her jelly comfortable, it was always you as said what there was to be for dinner. I don't make no objections to doing up a nice little luncheon for Miss Lucilla, and giving a little more thought now and again to the sweets; but it ain't my part to tell you, sir, as a lady's taste, and more special a young lady's, ain't to be expected to be the same as yours and mine, as has been cultivated like. I'm not one as likes contention,' continued the domestic oracle, 'but I couldn't abear to see a good master put upon; and if it should be as Miss Lucilla sets her mind on messes as ain't got no taste in them, and milk puddings and stuff, like the most of the ladies, I'd just like to know out of your own mouth, afore the commencement, what I'm to do?'

Dr. Majoribanks was so moved by this appeal that he laid down his knife and fork, and contemplated the future with some dismay. 'It is to be hoped Miss Lucilla will know better,' he said. 'She has a great deal of good sense, and it is to be hoped that she will be wise enough to consult the tastes of the house.'

But the Doctor was not to be let off so easily. 'As you say, sir, everything's to be hoped,' said Nancy steadily, 'but there's a many ladies as don't seem to me to have got no taste in their mouths; and it ain't as if it was a thing that could be left to hopes. Supposin' as it comes to that, sir, what am I to do?'

'Well,' said the Doctor, who was himself a little puzzled, 'you know Miss Lucilla is nineteen, Nancy, and my only child, and the natural mistress of the house.'

'Sir,' said Nancy austerely, 'them is things as it ain't needful to name; that ain't the question as I was asking. Supposin' things come to such a point, what am I to do?'

'Bless me, it's half-past nine,' said the Doctor, 'and I have an appointment. You can come just as usual when we are at breakfast, that will be the best way,' he said, as he went out at the door, and chuckled a little to himself, when he felt he had escaped. He rubbed his hands as he bowed along to his appointment, and thought within himself that if Lucilla turned out to be a girl of spirit, as he expected, it would be good fun to see her struggle with Nancy for the veritable reins of government. If Doctor Majoribanks had entertained any positive apprehensions that his dinners would be spoiled in consequence, his amusement would have come to an abrupt conclusion; but he trusted entirely in Nancy and a little in Lucilla, and suffered his long upper lip to relax at the thought without much fear.'

Dr. Majoribanks' confidence was not misplaced. Lucilla was even cleverer than he supposed, and the way in which she took her proper place in the house is excellently told. 'The young sovereign gave no intimation of her future policy; but the morning after her arrival, she usurped her father's place in front of the urn and tea-pot with such amiable ingenuousness, that the old Doctor only said 'Humph,' and abdicated. When Nancy came in and saw what was done, she stared aghast, and though she did not, perhaps, see the joke of it so clearly as her master, she was dethroned with the same consummate tact and grace to which he had succumbed. Her domestic rule initiated, Lucilla in the course of the day walked serenely forth to view the country she had come to conquer. We are informed that the social condition of the town at her advent was deplorable. 'There was nothing that could properly be called a centre. To be sure, Grange Lane was inhabited, as at present, by the best families in Carlingford; but then, without organization, what good does it do to have a lot of people together?' Mr. Berry, the evangelical rector, was utterly unqualified to take any lead; his wife was dead, his daughters were married, and his maiden sister, who kept his house, asked people to tea-parties where the Dissenting minister, Mr. Tufton, was to be met, and other Dissenters, small tradesmen, to whom the rector, in his universal benevolence, held out the right hand of fellowship. Dr. Majoribanks gave only dinners, to which naturally, while there was no lady in the house, ladies could not be invited; and, besides, he was rather a drawback than a benefit to society, since he filled the men

with such expectations in the way of cookery, that they were never content with a good family dinner after. Then the ladies, from whom something might justly have been expected in the way of making society pleasant, were incapacitated either by character or by multiplicity of children. Mrs. Centum was too busy in her nursery; Mrs. Woodburn liked nothing so well as to read novels, and 'take off' her neighbours when anybody called on her; Mrs. Chiley was old and hated trouble, and her husband, the colonel, could not enjoy his dinner if he had more than four people to help him to eat it; in short, you might have gone over Grange Lane, house by house, finding a great deal of capital material, but without encountering a single individual capable of making anything out of it.

'And yet nobody could say that there were not good elements to make society with. When you add to a man capable of giving excellent dinners, like Dr. Majoribanks, another man like young Mr. Cavendish, Mrs. Woodburn's brother, who was a wit and a man of fashion, and belonged to one of the best clubs in town, and brought down gossip with the bloom on it to Grange-lane, and when you join Mrs. Centum, who was always so good and so much out of temper, that it was safe to calculate on something amusing from her, the languid but trenchant humour of Mrs. Woodburn, not to speak of their husbands, and all the nephews, and cousins, and grandchildren, who constantly paid visits to old Mr. Western and Colonel Chiley, and the Browns, when they were at home, with their floating suite of admirers, and the young ladies who sang, and the young ladies who sketched, and the men who went out with the hounds, and the people who came when there was an election, and the barristers who made the circuit, and the people who came for the races, not to speak of the varying chances of curates who could talk and play the piano, and the occasional visits of the lesser county people, and the county clergymen, it will be plainly apparent that all that was wanting to Carlingford was a master hand to blend these different elements.'

This master-hand was now come in the person of Miss Majoribanks.

We have not words to express our admiration of Lucilla's social strategy. Would that she were multiplied a thousandfold, that women in her likeness might rise everywhere and pioneer a way through the density and obstruction of provincial dullness! On her very first walk abroad, with the luck that attends the brave, she heard resounding from the plebeian side of Grove-street, three doors from Salem Chapel, a magnificent contralto voice, which she knew would go charmingly with her own; the

voice of an old schoolfellow, of Barbara Lake, the eldest daughter of Lake, the drawing-master. Instantaneously there germinated in her brain the rudiments of those *Evenings* by which society in Carlingford was disciplined to its present perfection. Lucilla was not one to be limited by the canons of gentility. The Lakes were not 'in society,' but Barbara's voice was a glorious compensation for the want of birth and money, and Lucilla at once determined to make it available for her purposes of civilization. She publicly resolved, and avowed her resolution to remain ten years at home 'to be a comfort to her dear papa;' and the way in which she put aside a looming obstacle in the shape of her cousin Tom, who had the sense to wish to appropriate her, is exquisitely humorous. She persuaded her father to re-furnish her drawing-room with pale green to suit her rosy complexion, and as a prelude to bringing everybody together on the first of her immortal Thursday evenings, she presided at one of the Doctor's little dinners, supported by old Mrs. Chiley. It could not have been more successful had she been in harness a dozen years.

'To speak first of the most important particular; the dinner was perfect. As for the benighted men who had doubted Lucilla, they were covered with shame, and at the same time with delight. If there had been a fault in Dr. Majoribank's table under the ancient *régime*, it lay in certain want of variety, and occasional overabundance, which wounded the feelings of the young Mr. Cavendish, who was a person of refinement. To-night, as that accomplished critic remarked, there was a certain air of feminine grace diffused over everything, and an amount of doubt and expectation, unknown to the composed feasting of old, gave interest to the meal.'

After this good beginning, people naturally grew excited about the *Evenings*. They wanted to see the renovated drawing-room, and in their curiosity frankly forgave Lucilla for being in advance of their provincial notions. 'Don't expect any regular invitation,' she had said. 'I hope you will all come, or as many of you as can. Papa has always some men to dinner with him that day, you know, and it is so dreadfully slow for me with a heap of men. That is why I fixed on Thursday. I want you to come every week, so it would be absurd to send an invitation; and remember it is not a party, only an evening.' Nearly the whole action of this story is transacted at these Thursday evenings, which soon become an institution in Carlingford. Love and love-making, and divers other complications occur, but we shall not attempt to unravel

them, as they are only subsidiary to Lucilla's noble work of social regeneration. Like other conquerors, Miss Majoribanks was destined to build her victory on sacrifice; but she was always equal to her duty, and great alike in failure as in success. She was never seen to flinch at difficulty, and from some passages of arms out of which other women would have emerged with a sense of ignominious defeat, she came with flying colours, and with never so much as a scratch on her shield. Mr. Cavendish had begun to pay attention to her in what Mrs. Chiley thought a marked way, but at the very first evening appeared on the scene the powerful syren, Barbara Lake, with her rich contralto, her splendid eyes and striking figure, and captivated the man of surface refinement. Lucilla patronized them, and when they married, dismissed them with her blessing. General Travers, who was produced in Carlingford specially to admire her, neglected her ample charms, and admired instead the sweet and rosy little face of Barbara's sister Rose, who designed patterns and had a tender feeling for art; but Lucilla was judiciously calm on the occasion, and when Archdeacon Beverley, who really promised well for a while, was suddenly rapt away by his old and only love, whom he discovered living under Lucilla's generous protection, she smoothed the way to their reconciliation, and feasted her own heart on the pleasant thought of 'Cousin Tom,' who had always appreciated her. We should feel, indeed, as Mrs. Chiley did, that these accidents were rather hard upon her, if we had not a comforting presentiment that Lucilla is all the time saving up for her cousin Tom, and that he is sure to come at the proper moment and carry her off.

Amongst Mrs. Oliphant's many clever caricatures, Archdeacon Beverley is one of the cleverest. She informs us that he was Broad Church, and had a way of talking on many subjects which alarmed his hostess, Mrs. Chiley.

"It was the custom of good society in Carlingford to give a respectful assent to Mr. Bury's extreme Low Churchism, as if it were profane, as it certainly was not respectable, to differ from the rector, and to give him as wide a field as possible for his missionary operations by keeping out of the way. But the Archdeacon had not the least regard for respectability, nor for that respect for religion which consists in keeping as clear of it as possible; and the way in which he spoke of Mr. Bury's views wounded some people's feelings. Altogether he was, as Mrs. Chiley said, an anxious person to have in the house; for he just as often agreed with the

gentlemen in their loose way of thinking, as with the more correct opinions by which the wives and mothers who had charge of their morality strove hard to keep them in the right way. . . . He was very nice, had a nice position, but he was not like what clergymen were in her time. For one thing, he seemed to think that every silly boy and girl ought to have an opinion, and to be consulted, which was just the way to turn their heads, and make them quite insupportable.'

The contrast of this gentleman's liberal theories with his dogmatic manner is very amusing, and so is the consternation of all right-thinking people, when it is confidently reported that the Rector had invited Mr. Tulton, of Salem Chapel, to meet the Archdeacon, and that, but for the Dissenting minister's good sense, that unseemly conjunction would have taken place. And here our authoress condescends to, or at least paints, the unworthy and insulting commonplace of modern journalism, that the Dissenter must necessarily belong to a lower caste of society — a blunder from which her own associations ought to have kept her. The encounter of the Rector and Archdeacon at Dr. Majoribanks' table verges on the comic. Mrs. Oliphant represents the evangelical clergy as peculiarly fond of good living. The disagreeable curate always turns up at the Rector's house ten minutes before dinner, when there is a certain excellent pudding, and Mr. Bury is said to have had a way of sneering at 'the flesh,' while sparing no pains to nourish it, which provokes Dr. Majoribanks into launching at his spiritual ruler a shaft of medical wit.

"'I have no doubt,' the Doctor would say, 'that an indigestion is an admirable way of mortifying the flesh, as our excellent Rector says. Fasting was the suggestion of a barbarous age, and it must have kept those anchorite fellows in an unchristian strength of stomach. And it's far more philosophical to punish the offending body, as Mr. Bury does, by means of made dishes;' and when he had thus disturbed his reverend guest's enjoyment, the Doctor would go on with his dinner with great relish. This, however, was not the only danger to which the peace of the party was exposed. For the Rector, at the same time, regarded Mr. Beverley with a certain critical suspiciousness, such as is seldom to be encountered except among clergymen. He did not know much about his clerical superior, who had only recently been appointed to his archdeaconry, but there was something in his air, his looks and demeanour, which indicated what Mr. Bury thought a loose way of thinking. When the Archdeacon made any remark, the Rector would pause and look up from his plate to listen to it, with his fork suspended in

the air the while, and then he would exchange glances with his sister.'

The second of the 'Carlingford Chronicles,' in order of time, recounts the wooing and wedding of Dr. Ryder, the purchaser of the practice of Dr. Majoribanks, whose sudden death in embarrassed circumstances is skilfully made use of by the authoress to bring out in a new light the genuine goodness and affectionateness of his daughter. If any reader wishes to know what manner of woman succeeded Lucilla in her charming drawing-room, when she retired from Carlingford on her marriage, to the family estate of Marchbank, they will find Mr. Ryder's prenuptial life and adventures most entertainingly set forth under the title of 'The Doctor's Family,' and then, for information as to how Carlingford society maintained itself after its fair reformer went to carry light and progress into the society of the country, we must refer them to the stories of the appointment of 'The Rector' who succeeded Mr. Bury, of 'The Perpetual Curate' of St. Roque's, and of the minister of 'Salem Chapel.'

There is some capital writing in 'The Rector,' which opens with a sketch of Carlingford, and introduces the successor of Mr. Bury in the course of a morning call on one of the pleasantest families in Grange Lane — the family of Mr. Wodehouse. The scene, which is as effective as a good drawing in water colours, is in the garden — the warm, well-furnished garden, where high brick walls, all clothed with fruit-trees, shut in an enclosure of which there was not a morsel, except the velvet grass, with its nests of daisies, which was not under the highest and most careful cultivation. Tall plumes of lilac and stray branches of apple-blossom gave friendly salutations over the walls to the world without; within, the sweet summer snow dropt on the bright head of Lucy Wodehouse, and impertinently flicked the Rev. Frank Wentworth's Anglican coat. She was twenty, pretty, blue-eyed, and full of dimples, with a Leghorn hat and blue ribbons; she had great gardening gloves on, and the grass at her feet was strewn with the sweetest spring blossoms, — narcissus, lilies, hyacinths, gold ranunculus globes, and sober wallflower. He was the perpetual curate of St. Roque's, and there was that indefinable harmony in their looks which prompts to the bystander the suggestion of 'a handsome couple.' On a green bench under the great May-tree sat the elder Miss Wodehouse, who was pious and leisurely, and verging on forty; and not far off shone the bright English

house all beaming with open doors and windows. On this charming domestic out-of-door scene entered, by the door in the wall, Mr. Wodehouse, 'a man who creaked universally:' introducing the new rector, Mr. Proctor, fifteen years Fellow of All Souls', who, on his own confession, knew very little about ladies, and had brought down to the rectory, in lieu of a wife, only a dear old shrewd lively mother whom he longed to compensate for her tedious dull life so many years without him. Their brief housekeeping together is very prettily told; but Mr. Proctor is not happy in his strange position; fifteen years of college seclusion do not prove to have been a good apprenticeship for parish work, and after a signal failure or two, feeling his incompetence keenly, he makes up his mind to return to All Souls', and leave his rectory to Morgan, the next fellow on the list, who wants to get married. We meet him again in the history of 'The Perpetual Curate,' a kind and honourable man whom we like, and are glad to take final leave of in pleasant circumstances.

The Rev. Frank Wentworth and Lucy Wodehouse play hero and heroine in the next 'Chronicle;' but there are several groups of subsidiary characters, each with a central interest, not always essential to the development of the story-in-chief, which often drags, and would have been more effective for pruning, or careful compression. It begins with the arrival of Mr. Morgan and his wife—a couple who have waited to be married until the bloom is off both their lives, and who experience a slight flavour of disappointment with each other in consequence. They are 'two fresh, new, active, clergermanly intellects, entirely open to the affairs of the town, intent upon general information and sound management;' and it seems a highly doubtful business whether Mr. Wentworth and Mr. Morgan will find Carlingsford big enough to hold them both. They do not, and how and why not is the pith of the whole 'Chronicle.'

Mrs. Oliphant drops into her shrewdest satiric vein the moment she mentions the middle-aged rector and his middle-aged wife. The grievance of the former is Mr. Wentworth's activity in a certain low district of the town which in strictness does not belong to his chapelry of St. Roque; the vexation of the latter is the drawing-room carpet of Mr. Proctor's choosing—a carpet strewn with gorgeous bouquets, which only high Christian principle enables the poor lady to endure. Their characters are well studied-up to a certain point; that of Mrs. Morgan is good throughout, but in

her husband the darker shades are much exaggerated. His prejudice against the perpetual curate is the root of all the mischief in the story. It begins with their earliest acquaintance, when the rector, who naturally loves the 'constituted authority' that is vested in himself, finds a sisterhood in grey cloaks, a provident society, and all sorts of things going on in his parish under Mr. Wentworth's direction; even an impromptu chapel, which he mistakes at first sight for a little Bethel, where the curate has two week-day services, and a Sunday evening service for the bargemen of Wharfside. Mr. Morgan makes up his mind that the young Anglican must be taught to know better than to interfere in another man's parish; and in the process of teaching he allows the enmity in his heart to expand into active persecution. We cannot but think that here Mrs. Oliphant's lively satiric fancy carries her out of the bounds of probability. We believe that she libels common human nature in the remarkable story of how the hard-working and deservedly-popular curate becomes all at once the most suspected and despised of men. It is a proverb, that 'a good man's character swears for him;' yet this good Mr. Wentworth, who is a gentleman by birth and education, and a Christian in principle and life, on what seems to us the most preposterously inadequate evidence, is supposed to be guilty of folly and sin, which, if proved against him, would deprive him of his gown. We can conceive nothing more glaringly absurd and disagreeable than this portion of the 'Chronicles.' The character of a minister of God is delicate as a woman's, and ought not to be breathed upon. What should we expect to take place in 'the world' if a clergyman whom we had always seen active in his duty, pure in his life, refined in his habits, were wildly accused of removing from her home and secreting a pretty little coquettish miss, his clerk's niece, on the strength of her having been seen haunting his lodgings, and once conducted home by him after dark, and given up to her guardians with a sharp admonition? In real life, we believe that the accusation would never be made, or if made by vulgar and credited by silly persons, would be strongly repudiated by every man and woman blessed with a grain of common sense. But what does Mrs. Oliphant represent as the probable course of action in such a community as Carlingsford? She represents Mr. Wentworth as almost universally condemned! Rose Elsworthy vanishes, and her uncle, accompanied by another tradesman, impudently assails him

asher abductor; Sarah, the maid-of-all-work at his lodgings, thinks that perhaps, after all, Mr. Elsworthy may be right; Mrs. Hadwin, the widow lady under whose roof he had lived ever since he came to St. Roque's, grows troubled with contemptuous pity for the poor young man; but it never occurs to her that his good sense and pride and superior cultivation may have been sufficient defence against little Rose's dimples and blue eyes; his Aunt Dora, who has known and loved him from boyhood, quite coincides in Mrs. Hadwin's fears and sentiments; Dr. Majoribanks, meeting him on his way to a dying bed, prayer-book in hand, remarks to his colleague, Dr. Ryder, 'I confess that, after all, there are cases in which written prayers are a sort of security'; Mr. Leeson, the odious curate who is fond of All Souls' pudding, hears the tale, swallows it greedily, and promptly reports it to Mr. Morgan; Mr. Morgan is only too glad to credit the worst—he even sees the hand of Providence in it for the humiliation of his popular rival; the poor folk of Wharfside, to whom he had done nothing but good, eye him askance; a trio of pious old evangelical maids are ready to testify against him with personal witness; even his sweet Lucy does not stand by him as a true lover should;—indeed, the only people who reject the vulgar slander imperatively, as it deserves, are the bad or unpleasant people of the story:—Mr. Wentworth's reprobate brother Jack, his disagreeable Aunt Leonora, and Mrs. Morgan; and their behaviour on the occasion redeems all their little naughtinesses and asperities. The scandal being countenanced by so many respectable persons, becomes the common town's talk, and at length necessitates a semi-public inquiry into the curate's life and conversation. Of course, the reader, who knows all along that he is innocent, expects him to come out of the investigation triumphantly, and so he does; while shame and confusion descend like a cloud on the rector, the parish clerk, and the shabby scoundrel who is Rosy's real deluder. Lucy's eyes brighten again on her persecuted lover, and though he loses the family living of Skelmersdale, because his *views* are not precisely the same as those of his ultra-evangelical Aunt Leonora (one of the three partronesses), Mrs. Oliphant, who has no morbid taste for narrow circumstances, does not set the wedding-bells a-ringing until she has put her hero in the way of affording to her heroine all the comforts and enough of the luxuries of life to make them happy in the marriage-state, and to enable them to keep up a posi-

tion in the very best Carlingford society. With a fine stroke of her good-humoured irony, she puts the moral of her story into the mouth of the reprobate Jack, whose airs of penitence are most assuming and delusive while they last.

"“I have had things my own way since I came here,” said the prodigal, who no longer pretended to be penitent; “somehow it appears I have a great luck for having my own way. It is your scrupulous people who think of others, and of such antiquated stuff as duty, and so forth, that get yourselves into difficulties. My dear aunt, I am going away; if I were to remain an inmate of this house—I mean to say, could I look forward to the privilege of continuing a member of this Christian family—another day, I should know better how to conduct myself; but I am going back to my bad courses, Aunt Dora; I am returning to the world.” “Oh! Jack, my dear, I hope not,” said Aunt Dora, who was much bewildered, and did not know what to say. “Too true,” said the relapsed sinner; “and considering all the lessons you have taught me, don’t you think it is the best thing I could do? There is my brother Frank, who has been carrying other people about on his shoulders, and doing his duty; but I don’t see that you good people are at all moved in his behalf. You leave him to fight his way by himself, and confer your benefits elsewhere, which is an odd sort of lesson for a worldling like me. If my convictions of sin had gone just a step farther,” said the pitiless critic, “if I had devoted myself to bringing others to repentance, as is the first duty of a reformed sinner, my aunt Leonora would not have hesitated to give Skelmersdale to me—” “Jack, hold your tongue,” said Miss Leonora; but though her cheeks burned, her voice was not so firm as usual, and she actually failed in putting down the man who had determined to have his say. “Fact, my dear aunt,” said Jack: “if I had been a greater rascal than I am, and had gone a little farther, you and your people would have thought me quite fit for a cure of souls. I’d have come in for your good things that way as well as other ways; but here is Frank, whom even I can see is a right sort of person. I don’t pretend to fixed theological opinions,” said this unlooked-for oracle, “but so far as I can see, he’s a kind of fellow most men would be glad to make a friend of when they were under a cloud—not that he was ever very civil to me. I tell you, so far from rewarding him for being of the true sort, you do nothing but snub him, that I can see. He looks to me as good for work as any man I know; but you’ll give your livings to any kind of wretched make-believe before you’ll give them to Frank. I am aware,” said the heir of Wentworth, with a momentary flush, “that I have never been considered much of a credit to the family; but if I were to announce my intention of marrying and settling, there is not one of the name who would not lend a hand to

smooth matters. That is the reward of wickedness," said Jack, with a laugh. "As for Frank, he is a perpetual curate, and may marry perhaps fifty years hence; that's the way you good people treat a man who never did anything to be ashamed of in his life; and you expect me to give up my evil courses after such a lesson? I trust I am not such a fool," said the relapsed prodigal. He sat looking at them all in his easy way, enjoying the confusion, indignation, and wrath with which he was received. "The man who gets his own way is the man who takes it," he concluded, with his usual composure pouring out Miss Leonora's glass of claret as he spoke."

This Aunt Leonora is an admirably-drawn character, and with fewer traits of exaggeration than Mrs. Oliphant usually gives to those whom she depicts as wise and pious in their own conceits. Every religious community has its Aunt Leonora—its feminine pope; and probably the sketch of this lady's state of mind after her reprobate nephew's harangue, has delighted and comforted thousands who have suffered under such a yoke as hers. We give it as a good specimen of Mrs. Oliphant's serio-sarcastic vein.

'Miss Leonora, who never had known what it was to have nerves in the entire course of her existence, retired to her own room with a headache, to the consternation of the whole family. She had been a strong-minded woman all her life, and had managed everybody's affairs without being distracted and hampered in her career by those doubts of her own wisdom, and questions as to her own motives, which will now and then afflict the minds of weaker people when they have to decide for others. But this time an utterly novel and unexpected accident had befallen Miss Leonora; a man of no principles at all had delivered his opinion upon her conduct—and so far from finding his criticism contemptible, or discovering in it the ordinary outcry of the wicked against the righteous, she had found it true, and by means of it had, for perhaps the first time in her life, seen herself as others saw her. . . . She recognized the fact that she had committed herself . . . and that, instead of dispensing her piece of patronage like an optimist to the best, she had, in fact, given it up to the most skilful and persevering angler, as any other woman might have done. The blow was bitter; not to say that the unpleasant discovery was aggravated by having it thus pointed out by Jack, who in his own person had taken her in, and cheated his sensible aunt. She felt humbled and wounded in the tenderest point, to think that her reprobate nephew had seen through her, but that she had not been able to see through him, and had been deceived by his professions of penitence. The more she turned it over in her mind, the more Miss Leonora's head ached; for was it not growing apparent that she, who prided herself on her im-

partial judgment, had been moved, not by heroic and stoical justice and the love of souls, but a good deal by prejudice, and a good deal by skilful artifice, and very little indeed by the highest motive, which is called the glory of God? And it was Jack who had set all this before her clear as daylight. No wonder the excellent woman was disconcerted. She went to bed gloomily with her headache'—

And there we will leave her to salutary humiliation and repentance.

It will be seen that there is much amusing reading in the 'Chronicles' that we have already reviewed; but it is to 'Salem Chapel' that we should accord the palm for most laughable entertainment. When it first came out in the pages of 'Maga' it was a revelation to its staunch old torified Church and State readers, which delighted them infinitely. We are all apt to imagine that our own words and ways, being perfectly familiar to ourselves, must needs be so to the world at large. But this is a signal mistake. Church-folk, born and bred in the Church, are (or rather *were*) for the most part, as ignorant of the customs of Nonconformity at home as of the customs of the Mahometans; and to the excitement of reading a good story was therefore added the pleasure of surveying a piquant and exaggerated caricature of a social and religious state of things in the midst of us of which they were previously quite unaware. It is so cleverly done, that being published anonymously, the chapel portions of the story raised a general suspicion that the author of it was that greatest genius amongst living women, George Eliot. Mrs. Oliphant surpasses herself here, or the subject inspires her with a humour as rare as it is real. The tragedy of the tale is, as usual with her, far too long drawn out; and it is always a relief to escape from the woes of Mrs. Hilyard to the society of Mr. Vincent's chapel friends.

According to the latest information, Salem Chapel is still the only dissenting place of worship in Carlingford, where there are no Dissenters above the rank of the milkman or the grocer. It is a small red brick building, on the shabby side of Grove Street, 'presenting a pinched gable, terminated by a curious little belfry, not intended for any bell, and looking not unlike a handle to lift up the edifice by to public observation.' Its chronicle is contemporary, or nearly so, with the story of 'The Perpetual Curate,' and opens with the retirement of Mr. Tufton and the 'call' of Mr. Vincent, 'fresh from Homerton, in the bloom of hope and intellectualism, a young man of the newest school,' who was almost as particular as Mr.

Wentworth, of St. Roque's, about the cut of his coat and the precision of his costume, and decidedly preferred the word clergyman to the word minister. He had been brought up upon the 'Nonconformist' and the 'Eclectic Review,' and believed that the Church Establishment, though outwardly prosperous, was a profoundly rotten institution; that the eyes of the world were upon the Dissenters as the real party of progress; and (greatest delusion of all) that his own eloquence and the Voluntary principle were quite enough to counterbalance all the ecclesiastical advantages on the other side, and make for himself a position of the highest influence in his new sphere. How the eyes of the young enthusiast were opened to the indifference of *Society* to Dissenting ministers, and the intolerable bondage of his position as pastor of Salem Chapel, is the main interest of the 'Chronicle.'

Mrs. Oliphant has given a loose rein to her liveliest powers of satire in this story, and Dissenters have laughed as much as other readers at the exaggerated fun of her caricatures. There are, undoubtedly, busy-bodies and small social tyrants, pests of ministers' lives, in all little communities, and patrons and patronesses of the most signal unpleasantness. There are literates in the Church, now-a-days, whose offences against grammar quite equal those of the 'young man from Homerton,' from whose taking discourse the letter *h* was conspicuously absent. But is it right or fair to hold up the vulgar literate as a specimen of the Church of England curate furnished by the Universities, or the conceited Dissenting preacher, with his defect of speech, as a specimen of the men whom Homerton, under its learned President, Dr. Pye Smith, sent out, after a six years' training, into the Congregational ministry? It is as preposterous as it is unfair. With a more accurate knowledge of the class she was describing, Mrs. Oliphant would have made her portraits of Dissenting ministers more faithful and also more effective.

The new minister is the son of a minister, who has no private means, and whose mother and sister live in humble obscurity at Ashford. In his first flush of confidence, he has blissful ambitious dreams, which even Mr. Tozer, the buttermilk, and the other chapel managers cannot dissipate. He imagines the aristocratic doors of George Lane flying open to welcome him, and the dormant minds of the dwellers in those serene places rousing up at the fire of his eloquence. He is handsome, has talent, and is 'well educated and enlightened in his fashion,' 'but entirely ignorant of any

world' except the narrow one in which he had been brought up. He comes to Carlingford with elevated expectations of getting into its highest sphere, as his natural place; but his first invitation is to tea at Mrs. Tozer's, at six o'clock, where he meets the leading chapel members, and has the pleasure of hearing their views of a pastor's duty. The scene is so admirable that we shall quote it—not at length, but in those passages where the peculiarities of the company are most naively displayed. We are apprized that to go out to tea at six was a wonderful cold plunge for the young man, who had been looking forward to Mr. Wodehouse's capital dinners and the charming breakfasts of the pretty Lady Western; but he smiled over the note of invitation written by Phoebe, the buttermilk's daughter, and went in a patronizing frame of mind, expecting quite a pleasant study of manners amongst the good homely people. And in that he was not disappointed.

'Tozer, who awaited the minister at the door, was fully habited in the overwhelming suit of black and the white tie, which produced so solemnizing an effect every Sunday at chapel; and the men of the party were, with a few varieties, similarly attired. But the brilliancy of the female portion of the company overpowered Mr. Vincent. . . . Could these be the veritable womankind of Salem Chapel? Mr. Vincent saw bare shoulders and flower-wreathed heads bending over the laden tea-table. He saw pretty faces and figures not inelegant, remarkable among which was Miss Phoebe's, who had written him that pink note, and who was herself pink all over—dress, shoulders, elbows, cheeks, and all. . . . As for the men, the lawful owners of all this feminine display, they huddled all together, indisputable cheese-mongers that they were, quite transcended and distinguished by their wives and daughters. The pastor was young, and totally inexperienced. In his heart he asserted his own claim to an entirely different sphere. . . . He was shy of venturing upon those fine women, who surely never could be Mrs. Brown, of the Devonshire dairy, and Mrs. Pigeon, the poulterer's wife; whereas Pigeon and Brown themselves were exactly like what they always were on Sundays, if not perhaps a trifle graver, and more depressed in their minds.

"Here's a nice place for you, Mr. Vincent—quite the place for you, where you can hear all the music, and see all the young ladies; for I do suppose ministers, bein' young, are like other young men," said Mrs. Tozer, drawing aside her brilliant skirts, to make room for him on the sofa. "I have a son myself as is at college, and feel mother-like to those as go in the same line. Sit you down comfortable, Mr. Vincent. There ain't one here, sir, I'm proud to say, as grudges you the best seat." "Oh, mamma, how could you think of saying such a

thing?" said Phoebe, under her breath; "to be sure, Mr. Vincent never could think there was anybody anywhere that would be so wicked — and he the minister." "Indeed, my dear," said Mrs. Pigeon, who was close by, "not to affront Mr. Vincent, as is deserving of our best respects, I've seen many and many's the minister I wouldn't have given up my seat to; and I don't misdoubt, sir, you've heard of such as well as we. There was Mr. Bailey, at Parson's Green, now. He went and married a poor bit of a governess, as common-looking a creature as you could see, that set herself up above the people, Mr. Vincent, and was too grand, sir, if you'll believe me, to visit the deacons' wives. Nobody cares less than me about the vally of them vain shows. What's visiting, if you know the vally of your time? Nothing but a laying up of judgment. But I wouldn't be put upon neither by a chit that got her bread out of yours and my husband's hard earnings; and so I told my sister, Mrs. Tozer, as lives at Parson's Green." "Poor thing!" said the gentler Mrs. Tozer. "It's hard lines on a minister's wife to please the congregation. Mr. Vincent here, he'll have to take a lesson. That Mrs. Bailey was pretty-looking, I must allow." "Sweetly pretty!" whispered Phoebe, clasping her plump pink hands. "Pretty-looking! I don't say anything against it," continued her mother; "but it is hard upon a minister, when his wife will take no pains to please his flock. To have people turn up their noses at you ain't pleasant." "And them getting their living off you all the time," cried Mrs. Pigeon, clinching the milder speech. "But it seems to me," said poor Vincent, "that a minister can no more be said to get his living off you than any other man. He works hard enough generally for what little he has. And really, Mrs. Tozer, I'd rather not hear all these unfortunate particulars about one of my brethren." "He ain't one of the brethren now," broke in the poulterer's wife. "He's been gone out o' Parson's Green this twelve-months. Them stuck-up ways may do with the Church folks as can't help themselves, but they'll never do with us Dissenters. Not that we ain't glad as can be to see you, Mr. Vincent, and I hope you'll favour my poor house another night like your favouring Mrs. Tozer's. Mr. Tufton always said that was the beauty of Carlingford, in our connection. Cheerful folks, and no display. No display, you know — nothing but a hearty meeting, sorry to part, and happy to meet again. Them's our ways. And the better you know us, the better you'll like us, I'll be bound to say. We don't put it all on the surface, Mr. Vincent," continued Mrs. Pigeon, shaking out her skirts, and expanding herself on her chair; "but it's all real and solid; what we say we mean — and we don't say no more than we mean — and them's the kind of folks to trust to wherever you go." . . . "We never have had nobody in our connection worth speaking of in Carlingford but's been in trade," said Mrs. Brown; "and a very good thing too, as I

tell Brown. For if there's one thing I can't abear in a chapel it's one set setting up above the rest. But bein' all in the way of business, except just the poor folks, as is all very well in their place, and never interferes with nothing, I don't count there's nothing but brotherly love here, which is a deal more than most ministers can say for their flocks. I've asked a few friends to tea, Mr. Vincent, on next Thursday, at six. As I haven't got no daughters just out of a boarding-school to write notes for me, will you take us in a friendly way, and just come without another invitation? All our own folks, sir, and a comfortable evening; and prayers, if you'll be so good at the end. I don't like the new fashion," said Mrs. Brown, with a significant glance at Mrs. Tozer, "of separat' like heathens, when all's of one connection. We might never meet again, Mr. Vincent. In the midst of life, you know, sir. You'll not forget Thursday, at six." "But, my dear Mrs. Brown, I am very sorry; Thursday is one of the days I have specially devoted to study," stammered forth the unhappy pastor. "What with the Wednesday meeting and the Friday committee —" Mrs. Brown drew herself up as well as the peculiarities of her form permitted, and her rosate countenance assumed a deeper glow. "We've been in the chapel longer than Tozer," said the offended deaconess. "We've never been backward in taking trouble, nor spending our substance, nor puttin' our hands to every other good work; and as for makin' a difference between one member and another, it's what we ain't been accustomed to, Mr. Vincent. I'm a plain woman, and speak my mind. Old Mr. Tufton was very particular to show no preference. He always said it never answered in a flock to show more friendship to one nor another; and if it had been put to me, I wouldn't have said, I assure you, sir, that it was us as was to be made the first example of. If I haven't a daughter fresh out of boarding-school, I've been a member of Salem five-and-twenty years, and had ministers in my house many's the day, and as friendly as if I were a duchess; and for charities and such things, we've never been known to fail." . . . Such was the Salem Chapel connection and its requirements; and such was Mr. Vincent's first experience of social life in Carlingford.

The visit of the young minister to the old man he had superseded is as admirable as Mrs. Tozer's tea-party. Mr. Tufton strikes us as quite the proper type of pastor for such a flock. His counsel to his ambitious, ardent successor is excellent. We almost hear him speak as he raises his fat forefinger and slowly shakes it. "Be careful, my dear brother; you must keep well with your deacons, you must not take up prejudices against them. Dear Tozer is a man of a thousand — a man of a thousand! Dear Tozer, if you listen to him, will keep you

out of trouble. The trouble he takes and the money he spends for Salem Chapel is, mark my words, unknown — and,' added the old pastor, awfully syllabing the long word in his solemn bass, 'in-con-ceive-able.' Adelaide Tufton, the minister's daughter, a dreadful shrewd invalid, like a malign parrot, predicts that Mr. Vincent will not last out two years under the chapel managers, and when we hear the much-lauded Mr. Tozer aspiring to rule in the pulpit as well as in the vestry, we begin to agree with her. 'I'm very partial to your style, Mr. Vincent,' said the deacon; 'there's just one thing I'd like to observe, sir, if you'll excuse me. I'd give 'em a coorse; there's nothing takes like a coorse in our connection. Whether it's on a chapter or a book of scripture, or on a perticklar doctrine, I'd make a point of giving 'em a coorse if it was me. There was Mr. Bailey, of Parson's Green, as was so popular before he married — he had a historical coorse in the evenings, and a coorse upon the eighth of Romans in the morning; and it was astonishing to see how they took. . . .' The deacon's version of this poor minister's dismissal is a caution for Mr. Vincent, who asks the reason why of his going. Tozer shrugged his shoulders and shook his head. 'All along of the women: they didn't like his wife; and my own opinion is he fell off dreadful. . . . and the managers found the chapel falling off, and a deputation waited on him; and to be sure he saw it his duty to go.'

The young minister follows the buttermilkman's advice about the 'coorse,' and soon fills the chapel to overflowing; but he suffers his heart to go madly astray after that 'bright particular star' of the highest Carlingford society, Lady Western, and that is an irretrievable blunder. There is something ludicrous as well as painful in his passion, which brings him nothing but mortification and grief. The enthusiasm of pretty Phoebe Tozer and her compeers is lost on him, and general discontent in the connection results. The flock rebels, and when the pastor falls into trouble, falls away from him — all but Tozer, that 'man of a thousand,' and his family. These improbable events and others, not connected with the chapel business, but mixed in with it by the dexterous art of the story-teller, bring on the scene one of the best characters in the book — Vincent's proud, brave, discreet little mother. But the crisis is past her management, and her discretion and valour avail only to secure for her son a dignified retreat from Carlingford. Disappointed in his love, disgusted with his vocation, he determines to resign his pastorate, and in

his farewell oration to his flock he sums up the opinions of Nonconformity, which are all his brief experience has left him.

"'I am one of those who have boasted in my day that I received my title of ordination from no bishop, from no temporal provision, from no traditional church, but from the hands of the people. Perhaps I am less sure than I was at first, when you were all disposed to praise me, that the voice of the people is the voice of God; but, however that may be, what I received from you I can but render up to you. I resign into your hands your pulpit which you have erected with your money, and hold as your property. I cannot hold it as your vassal. If there is any truth in the old phrase which calls a church a cure for souls, it is certain that no cure of souls can be delegated to a preacher by the souls themselves who are to be his care. I find my old theories inadequate to the position in which I find myself, and all I can do is to give up the post where they have left me in the lurch. I am either your servant, responsible to you, or God's servant, responsible to Him — which is it? I cannot tell; but no man can serve two masters, as you know.'"

'A Church of the Future, an ideal corporation, grand and primitive, shone before his eyes, as it shines before so many; but in the meantime the Nonconformist went into literature, as was natural, and was, it was believed in Carlingford, the founder of the "Philosophical Review," that new organ of public opinion.' The golden vision of the enthusiastic young minister, what is it but the grand old mediæval theory born again? A church free above the world and universal — and so in the round of ages extremes meet, the earth swings on, but human nature never changes, and there is no new thing under the sun.

Our remarks on the famous 'Chronicles of Carlingford' have run out to so great a length that we must sum up briefly what we have to say about the writer's other works. We regret this the less because Mrs. Oliphant does not provoke to much variety of criticism. When we have said that her English is good, her method diffuse, her sarcastic vein excellent, her moral tone unimpeachable, we have said almost all there is to say of her style. It is not so strongly characterized that we can ever declare with certainty on taking up a new story in 'Blackwood' that it is hers or not hers. By the time we have read half way through if we are no longer in doubt, but she has not the individuality by which we can assert at once, 'This is Mrs. Oliphant's — her mark.'

Some years before the 'Chronicles' there appeared in 'Blackwood' a charming group

of shorter stories of which we retain the pleasantest recollections; of these 'Katie Stewart,' and 'The Quiet Heart' were the chief. 'Zaidée,' and 'The Athelings' were amongst Mrs. Oliphant's earlier pictures of English society, and amongst her most recent are 'Madonna Mary,' and 'Agnes,' both tales of sorrow. In 'A Son of the Soil,' she goes back to Scottish ground and her most serious vein; and in the 'Brown-lows,' her last published work, we detect a slight flavour of Carlingford.

Besides her novels by which she is most widely known, Mrs. Oliphant has written a 'Life of Irving,' which deserves a perma-

nent place amongst the biographies of national worthies. We will not do it so ill a service as to treat of it at the fag end of an article; we will but quote the criticism of a shrewd old woman of the cottage class, who having read leisurely through it from the first word to the last, remarked: "That's a real good book, and very interesting;" and then wiping her spectacles, moved her mark backwards and added, "I'll read it over again." It will indeed bear reading over again many times, and in a cheaper form would, we think, achieve the popularity it certainly merits.

DELIRIUM TONANS.—Tertian and low fever are not more endemic in the Pontine Marshes than what is called "tall talk"—the specific disease of Ireland. Whether we derive the habit of it from our Phœnician origin, whether it came to us with our round towers, or whether we cultivate the practice as one that harmonizes well with a brogue, I cannot say; but that we love it, that we indulge in its use, that it forms one of the delights of our domestic life, and one of the chief attractions of our public meetings, is not to be denied. Irishmen are the victims of that terrible malady that is characterized by a sort of sub-acute raving, and may, for want of a better name, be called "Delirium Tonans." Until English people come to know this—until they are brought to see that we are not so violent, so impulsive, so reckless, or, indeed, so generally dangerous as our ordinary language would bespeak us, there will be no end to the blunders they will make in legislating for us. Everything with us of good or evil partakes of this tone of exaggeration, which is not misleading to ourselves, for it is a coinage we are used to; but is sorely perplexing to a people who do not habitually resort to superlatives, and pass the greater part of their lives in the cold and cheerless atmosphere of unadorned fact. We have all of us felt the sense of half shame that attends being addressed in Italy as "illustrissimo" and "ornatissimo," fully conscious the while that we were neither of the one or the other; but habit rendered us dulled to being deemed worthy of these epithets, and we ended by thinking that, like people who enjoy an exceptional rank in certain latitudes, and are brigadiers in the tropics but subalterns at home, we could be illustrious and ornate on the Arno, and yet very humble creatures on the Thames. A similar lesson has to be learned by those who would sojourn in Ireland. They are to know that, though an Act of Parliament could assimilate the coinage, it could not equalize the conversation, and that language in Ireland remains

pretty much what it was before the Union. Now, if it would be the height of ignorance to mistake the Spaniard's courtesy that declares his house, his cellar, his picture-gallery, and his gardens are at your service; that his greatest happiness consists in knowing that you deem them worthy of acceptance, and that the honour of being your servant is a pride which he finds it even difficult to realize to his imagination—I say, if it would be gross ignorance to believe that all this meant more than the polite form of a very polished people, and actually stood for a legal tender—so in like manner, but less in degree, is it a capital blunder to suppose that Irishmen are half as reckless, half as unthrifty, half as cordial, or half as terrible, as their language would imply; and it would be as downright cruelty to make an honest Hibernian responsible for his words, when under an attack of Delirium Tonans, as to go down to Manwell and prosecute the patients for their expressions under Lord Campbell's Act.

Blackwood's Magazine.

A TOPIC of conversation in French Governmental circles at this moment is the discovery of a substance the destructive effects of which far exceed the terrible force of picrate of potassium. Some experiments are said to be about to take place with it at Cherbourg.

COD-FISH skin, heretofore considered quite worthless and given away to any one who would take the trouble to haul it, is now, after having been ground fine, to be used as a fertilizer. This new kind of guano is said to be free from the disagreeable odour of the ordinary fish manure.

BOOK XII. — CHAPTER I.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE EXECUTION.

ON the journey to the capital, Sonnenkamp and Pranken were astonished at Roland's fluency and mental activity; he was the only one who expressed himself freely, for both Sonnenkamp and Pranken could not entirely repress a feeling of anxiety. They appeared to be so confidential and open with each other, and yet Sonnenkamp was continually asking himself: Do you know it? and Pranken, on the other hand: Do you know that I know it?

But neither of them spoke out. How were they to do it? Pranken wanted, when the revelation took place, to appear as the innocent, the ignorant, the deluded individual; he had been imposed upon, he as well as the rest of the world, and more than all, the Prince himself. The Prince had conferred the title of nobility — how was Pranken to do otherwise than confide in the man!

Sonnenkamp on the contrary was undecided, and he was glad that Pranken was determining everything; it was no longer a question of will, all was settled and must proceed.

He looked through the coach-door every now and then, and put out his hand, as if he were going to lay hold of the handle, spring out and flee. What a bold game it was he was trying his hand at! He was angry with himself that, close upon the last critical moment, he allowed a feeling of apprehension to come over him. He could not help declaring to Pranken that he felt very much excited. Pranken thought this quite natural, for elevation to the nobility is no small affair. And now, in the conversation that took place, Sonnenkamp discovered the cause of his timidity. Those Huguenots, mother, aunt, and son, with their double-distilled transcendental notions, had brought around him an element of weakness; it would be as well to throw them aside, politely, of course, but they must go their way, like instruments that have done their work, like paid-off workmen.

In this thought of casting something from him, there was a sense of power which restored him to himself once more.

It was not merely allowing others to act for him, he was an active agent himself; he let the puppets dance, for all men are puppets to him who knows how to govern them. He looked smilingly over at Pranken; this man, too, was his puppet new. He began to whistle merrily but inaudibly.

It was late in the evening when they

reached the capital. Roland went to bed directly. Pranken took his leave, saying that he had to make a necessary call.

"Don't forget that you are a bridegroom," Sonnenkamp cried out after him with a laugh.

For the first time in his life was Pranken troubled by such a jest; it hurt him because it came from Manna's father, and because he was really going on an errand very serious and moral in its nature and object; he was going to the house of the Dean of the cathedral.

The house was in the garden behind the cathedral, hidden from the whole world, and amidst a quiet that was never broken by the bustle of the capital.

Pranken rang, a servant opened the door, and Pranken was not a little astonished at hearing himself instantly called by name. The servant was the soldier whom he had employed for some little time as an attendant. He received Pranken's commission to inform him personally the next morning, at the Victoria Hotel, whether the Dean could receive him alone at eleven o'clock.

Pranken turned away, and he smiled, when, still thinking of his father-in-law's admonition, he stopped before a certain house. He knew it well, the pretty, quiet house that he himself had once furnished, the carpeted stairs, the banisters with their stuffed velvet, and everything so cosy, the bell up-stairs with its single note, the cool ante-chamber full of green plants, the parlor so cheerful, the carpets, and the furniture of the same pattern of silk throughout, a green ground and yellow garland. Pranken liked the national colors even here. In the corner stands an alabaster angel holding in its hand a fresh bunch of flowers every day. Many a time too, the angel has to bear a woman's jaunty hat, and many a time too a man's hat. And then the door-curtains. Who is laughing behind them? No, he passes on.

He stopped at a shop window with large panes of glass; when going to that cosy little house, he had always brought with him from this shop some trifle, some comical little thing — there are many new things of that kind in it now; he enters and purchases the very latest.

The young salesman looks at him inquiringly, Pranken nods and says: —

"You can show me everything."

And then the hidden treasures of the establishment are shown to him; he does not take anything, however, but says that he will make a purchase some other time, and goes off with his trifle.

No, it is only for a jest, for a farewell. He wishes simply to ask little Nelly what people are saying of him; he is vexed at his being troubled about the matter, and still he is tempted to make the inquiry.

He is not aware that he has rung—he goes up-stairs—he feels for the key in his pocket—he has quite forgotten that he hasn't one any more.

The door is opened, the maid looks at him with astonishment. Nobody is in. A lamp of pale red glass is burning in the balcony room; the little alabaster statue is smiling; Franken has another lamp brought to him; he will wait. He looks through the rooms, he recognizes the chairs, the sofas, everything is still as he had arranged it.

A perfume strange to him pervades the room; it must be the fashion now,—one always falls a little behind the times in the country.

The clock of the cathedral strikes, the theatre performances must be over. On the table lie photograph albums; Franken looks through them, he searches for his own picture; it is no longer there, but there are other faces that he does not know. He shuts the albums.

There is a book lying on the table, too; flowers culled from the German poets "for women by a woman's hand." Franken begins to read it. They are strange beings, these poets! He stands up by the fire-place, glowing coals are sparkling in it; but really there was no fire-place, and no glowing coals; for they never burned, but were always piled up in that way; fire-place and coals were only an elegant ornament of the room.

The cathedral clock strikes again; still no one comes. At length Franken takes out his card, and leaves it on the bouquet which the alabaster statue holds in its hand; he leaves the place. It is better so. You have acted bravely, as you meant to do—of course.

He smiled at his virtue.

Pah! He would have to laugh and give a little play to his exuberance of spirit again one of these days; this everlasting morality begins to be tiresome. But Manna—

All at once Franken felt a pang shoot through his heart, as if he had inflicted a wound on Manna.

He shook his head, and laughed outright at the childishness into which he had fallen. And still he could not shake off an impression, that at that hour something was happening to Manna; he knew not what it was, but the feeling possessed him.

He went on hurriedly.

The military club house was still brilliantly

lighted, but Franken passed it by too. He turned back to the hotel. With great satisfaction he retired to rest without having again seen Sonnenkamp. He wanted to read a little while in the little book that was quite filled with a piny odor from the twig which lay in it; the twig was bare, but the falling leaves were preserved like a relic. But he could not endure the words of the book, he felt a certain awe of it to-night.

While Franken was out in the town, Sonnenkamp grew discontented at being alone. He wanted to be with new people, live men, who could divert his thoughts. He sent for the Cabinetsrath.

The latter came soon, and Sonnenkamp sat down well pleased by his side, and asked what it meant that the Prince had not sent his patent, but chose to give it to him in person.

With much freedom and sarcasm, the Cabinetsrath ironically expressed his admiration of his gracious master, and described his character. He said that no one could really understand a ruler who wished to rule without advice, particularly in the exercise of that prerogative which had been allowed to remain in his hands without the interference of the Chamber of Deputies,—the conferring of orders and of nobility. Sonnenkamp heard with astonishment how the Prince designated everything as "mine"; my manufacturers, my university, my freemason lodge, my agriculturalists, my Chamber of Deputies. The Prince had the best will in the world, but he lived in continual fear of the democrats, communists and liberals, whom he classed together; he was convinced, that every one who did not coincide with the government was a walking barricade from behind which shots might be fired at any moment. He would like to have everything go well with all men, and he had a very fine sentiment which a chamberlain had once composed for him, and which he brought out in moments of elevated feeling. If I knew that all men would be bettered by it, I would renounce the throne and do away with the civil-list. But as he was sure that all men would not be bettered by it, he could remain as he was, in quiet possession of both. He had two hobbies, the theatre and the welfare of the capital. He liked to have very wealthy people attracted to the capital, so that a good deal of money might be made out of them. And he had done a great thing, he had modified essentially the strict rules of ceremony; strangers who formerly were, without exception, debarred of the privilege of appearing at court, had access to it now, if they only spent a good deal of money in the city and were present-

ed by their ambassadors. The Prince does this out of a pure desire for the welfare of his people, for he called all the inhabitants of the capital "my people," even the unyielding democrats contained in it; they had unpleasant peculiarities, it is true; but they were still "my people."

The Prince took a special interest in Sonnenkamp, because he had been told that the latter was intending to build a large palace for his winter-residence in the capital in such a situation that it would be an ornament to the castle park, having it front on an avenue which at present led into a new part of the city. The Prince flattered himself that this would be of great benefit to his people.

The Cabinetsrath related, besides, that Sonnenkamp's affair had taken a particularly decisive turn in consequence of Clodwig's having, in the expression of his opinion, said that, aside from the injudiciousness of creating a new nobility, it appeared doubtful to him whether German sovereigns individually possessed the right to do it. The Prince was beside himself at this remark of the old diplomat, whom he had always regarded as a concealed democrat; and so, partly in consequence of Clodwig's boldness, Sonnenkamp's affair was decided hastily and without further ado.

Sonnenkamp heard all this with delight, and the Cabinetsrath cautioned him expressly to remember that the Prince was really very modest, and not merely modest in words; he liked to say that he was not a man of genius, and it was very hard to find the best bearing to use towards him. The Prince was offended by the flattery, if any one praised him and combated his opinion of himself, and still it would not do to support him in his modesty. Sonnenkamp was advised to say as little as possible; he might exaggerate the apprehension he really felt: timidity would find favor with their gracious master, who was always secretly pleased at inspiring awe.

Sonnenkamp was quite calm once more. When the Cabinetsrath was gone, he rang, and ordered the newspaper. He read it entirely through, even the advertisements; this put him upon another course of thought. Again and again he read the official news at the head of the paper, official appointments, military promotions, and grants of pardon; such things were sprinkled along through the whole year after the grand distribution of orders was over. He was already thinking to himself how it would appear in that part of the paper in the morning, that His Highness had, in his graciousness, seen fit to elevate Herr James Sonnenkamp

and his family, under the title of Baron von Lichtenburg, to the hereditary dignity of nobles. And, what was more, the newspaper of Professor Crutius must publish it.

Proud and erect, he strode for a long time up and down the chamber. Then he recollected that the Cabinetsrath had informed him that the Prince liked certain ceremonies, and that he would have to make oath with his bare hand. He looked at his hand. How would it be if the Prince asked about the ring on his thumb?

"Your Highness, that is an iron ring that I have worn since my eighteenth year," said Sonnenkamp suddenly, as if he were standing in the presence of the Prince.

But then again, he asked himself why he should expose himself to the question. It might still be possible to take the ring off; the scar could no longer be visible. With burning face he put his hand in water until it was nearly numb, but the ring did not come off. He rang; Lootz came, and he ordered him to bring ice. He held his hand on the ice, the ring at last loosened about the thumb; it rubbed hard over the knuckle, but at last came off. Sonnenkamp examined the scar that had been concealed by the ring. Could any one now tell that it had been left by a bite?

He was enraged with himself that he had awakened this remembrance to-day. Of what use was it?

He rang for Lootz; he wanted to ask him what he would take the scar on his thumb to be. But when Lootz came he let the question go, for it might have excited curiosity; he gave the steward a commission for the morrow, and finally sought rest in sleep. He did not find it for a long while; for it seemed to him as if a chilly current of air were continually circulating about the bare thumb. When he doubled up his fist he felt it no longer, and so he finally went to sleep with his fist clinched.

CHAPTER II.

DRILLING UNDER FIRE.

The sparrows were twittering with one another on the roof, but the hack-drivers were chattering still more busily before the Hotel Victoria, when, in the morning, Sonnenkamp's horses and double-seated carriage waited before the porch of the hotel.

The little hump-backed driver, who always led the talk, now held the first place, and naturally spoke first. He informed his companions that to-day Sonnenkamp was to be made a count, yes, perhaps even a prince, for he had more money than a prince. Unluckily, the first hack was just then

taken by a stranger, and the little driver deeply regretted that he could not be on hand when Herr Sonnenkamp was coming out. He recommended the others to give the Count a cheer when he was getting into the carriage.

But it was a long while before Herr Sonnenkamp came down out of the hotel, for he was walking up and down the spacious hall, clad in black, with white cravat, and with the order on his breast. The Cabinetsrath was walking by his side; he said that he could well understand that Herr Sonnenkamp should be very much excited, but that he would be only so much the more easy in mind at noon. Sonnenkamp was all the time biting his lips, and more than once changed color.

"You are well, are you not?" asked the Cabinetsrath.

Sonnenkamp said yes; he could not say that that bare thumb of his was so painful. When he was not looking at the hand, he had a sensation as if the thumb were swelling up into a monstrous size, and the pulse-beats in it felt like the blows of a red-hot hammer.

He examined his hand frequently, and felt comforted when he found that he was suffering under a delusion.

Lootz came. Sonnenkamp took him aside, and he informed him that Professor Crutius regretted that he was unable to pay him a visit, being obliged at that moment to set about preparing the evening edition.

"Did you bring the morning edition with you?"

"No, it will not be issued until eleven o'clock."

"Why didn't you wait for it? it is nearly eleven now."

"I thought that you might want something else, sir, before going up to the castle."

"Very well, give me my overcoat."

Joseph was standing near at hand all ready with it; Sonnenkamp took leave of Roland and Franken, who were going to ride out with some companions; he requested them to be back at the hotel at twelve o'clock precisely.

For the last time the commoner Sonnenkamp descended those steps, to ascend them next as a Baron. The Cabinetsrath walked by his side.

When he entered the carriage below, the hack-drivers, as they had been recommended, wanted to raise a cheer, but they could not bring it out: it was of no use to try without the dwarf who knew how to lead off; they stood all together in a knot staring at Sonnenkamp, and took off their hats.

Sonnenkamp acknowledged the salutation most graciously.

The Cabinetsrath regretted that he could not go with him; he simply ordered the coachman to stop before the great gate of the palace.

Franken left Roland alone, as the Ensign had promised to call for the latter when he got back from the drill ground. With an unusually quiet tone and modest manner, Franken bade good bye until they met again at table, for Sonnenkamp had ordered an elegant little lunch for four, himself, his son and son-in-law, and the Cabinetsrath.

Sonnenkamp dashed along through the streets of the city; the people on foot stood still. Many who knew him saluted him, and many too, who did not know him; for a foreign prince might sit in such a carriage, and deference must be paid to a foreign prince.

The horses trotted on gaily, as if they knew to what honor they were carrying their master. Sonnenkamp lay back in the carriage, and played awhile with the order upon his breast. This token gave him an encouragement; for why was he apprehensive in taking the second step, when he had felt no apprehension in taking the first, and no danger had yet made its appearance?

The carriage drove past a building with many windows. Sonnenkamp knew it. It was the editing and printing establishment of Professor Crutius. Knots of men were standing in front of it, some of them reading a copy of the paper; they looked up and nodded, as the handsome carriage passed by. Sonnenkamp would have liked to stop to get a paper; he had already grasped the check-string, intending to give Bertram the signal to stop, but he dropped it again.

Why is this? Why is he so anxious to get the newspaper to-day? Ah, men are better off in the desolate wilderness, where not one human being is to be seen, where there are no newspapers nor anything of the kind. So Sonnenkamp thought to himself, as he drove through the lively capital to the palace of the Prince.

A jolt suddenly startled him; the carriage was stopped. Around the corner, a battalion of soldiers was approaching with loud music. The carriage had to stop until the soldiers had all passed by, and it required some effort to keep the horses in check, on account of the noise.

Now they were all past; Sonnenkamp looked at his watch. It would be a terrible thing if, at the very outset, he should have missed the appointed minute, and, have

been obliged to excuse himself to the Prince. Are you then so far a prisoner? Are you then so bound to the very minute?

He was almost ready to call out to the coachman to turn back; he would have nothing to do with the whole affair.

Again he was angry with himself at being so powerfully excited without cause. He let down the carriage window, took off his hat, and was delighted to feel the refreshment of the cool breeze.

Bertram proudly drew up the carriage before the grand portal. Both the sentinels stood still; they were waiting to see whether they should shoulder or present arms. The carriage door was opened, the sentinels remained motionless, for only a man in black clothes, with a single order, stepped out.

Joseph accompanied Sonnenkamp to the large high-studded porch, which was white and richly ornamented with stucco work. At the foot of the step were two handsomely chiselled marble wolves; they looked at Sonnenkamp in almost a friendly way; and really, everything looked as splendid as could be imagined. Sonnenkamp made a sign to Joseph that he might give something, suitable to the occasion to the lackeys in attendance here; he had provided him with an uncounted handful of gold for the purpose; he could trust Joseph.

The porter in grand livery, with broad hat and gold-tipped staff, asked whom he should announce.

Sonnenkamp and Joseph looked at each other in embarrassment. Joseph was discreet enough to leave the answer to his master, and Sonnenkamp did not know whether he ought to say Baron von Lichtenburg or Herr Sonnenkamp.

Pooh, what did it signify giving the old name to this lackey? This name appeared to him so repugnant, thrown off for good like a worn-out shoe; it was so hard to understand how he had borne it so long, without being ashamed of it before the whole world. Finally Sonnenkamp answered with evident condescension:—

"I have been ordered to wait upon His Highness."

He felt badly to be obliged to use the word "ordered" before Joseph—he, Sonnenkamp, had been "ordered"—but he wished to show the footman at any rate that he was acquainted with court phraseology.

The footman pressed a telegraphic bell; a valet dressed in black appeared at the head of the staircase, and said that the Herr Baron had been expected for two

minutes, and must make all the haste possible. It seemed almost as if an avenging angel from heaven were announcing here below some shortcoming or transgression.

With trembling knees Sonnenkamp stumbled up the carpeted staircase; he had to draw on his gloves on the way up, saying silently to himself meanwhile:—

"Keep yourself easy now."

At the top of the staircase a second valet appeared, white-haired, in short black knee-breeches and high black gaiters, and said:—

"Do not hurry, Herr Sonnenkamp, His Highness has not returned yet from the drill ground."

Sonnenkamp felt like knocking the first valet down for having put him into such a state of anxiety. He regretted that he had commissioned Joseph to give every one of the servants a piece of gold; he hoped that Joseph, after all, was a rogue, and would keep the gold for himself, and give the cursed attendants none of it.

The white-haired valet conversed freely with Sonnenkamp, and informed him, that he had been with Prince Leonhard in America; it was a hateful country, without order and without manners; he thanked God, when he got home again.

Sonnenkamp did not know how he ought to take this freedom; but the best way was to put up with it silently. He listened with assenting nods, and thought to himself, What a way they have of doing things here in the palace! It is just as if the people in it didn't walk on their feet; everything is so mysterious; as if something was going on every moment that had nothing at all in common with the life of other men.

The white-haired valet requested Sonnenkamp to sit down while he waited.

Sonnenkamp did sit down, and drew off his right-hand glove; he wanted to be able to do it without difficulty when the time came to unglove that hand for the oath; and then he presented some gold pieces to the white-haired valet.

The experienced valet withdrew, bowing, to the end of the room; he knew the dread that was felt by those who are not accustomed to the court, and would leave the man to compose himself.

Sonnenkamp sat still; again those wild pulsations began to hammer away in his thumb; he called for a glass of water.

The white-haired valet called to another, this one to a third, and the call for a glass of water went far into the distance.

A very old clock that was standing on the mantle-piece struck the quarter hour. Sonnenkamp compared his watch with it,

and found that it was very slow; he determined in future to set his watch by the clock in the palace.

Sonnenkamp was alone: and yet he little thought that through the clear edges of the ground glass in a door behind him, two eyes were fastened upon him, and that those eyes were rolling savagely in their sockets.

Just as the glass of water made its appearance, it was announced that Herr Sonnenkamp might enter. He could not even once moisten his lips.

He entered the large hall, where it was bright daylight; but he staggered back, for directly opposite to him hung an engraving, a work of Alfred Rethel's. A strong-limbed man with the murderer's knife still in his hand, bending and stooping, was making his escape over a heath; the bushes on the road were blown aside by the wind, and above the fugitive hovers a supernatural shape, holding a sword, with the point downward, directly over the head of the fleeing criminal.

Sonnenkamp rubbed his eyes.

What is the picture here for? Or is it only a creation of his own fancy?

He did not have time to decide this matter for himself, for just then the Prince entered noiselessly from behind the curtain of the door, over the thick heavy carpet. He was dressed in full uniform, with a broad band thrown over the right shoulder and across his breast. He carried himself very erect, and merely nodded slightly. He bade Sonnenkamp welcome, and excused himself for having kept him waiting.

Sonnenkamp bowed low, without uttering a word.

CHAPTER III.

A BLOOD-RED STREAK.

"Is your son with you?"

"Yes, your Highness."

"Is he still determined to enter the army?"

"He is anxious to do so."

"I like the noble-looking youth, and will take care that the ladies do not spoil him; they would like to make a plaything of him. Has he already applied for admission?"

"Not yet, your Highness. I wished to have the application made in the name that your Highness is pleased to confer upon me."

"Quite right," answered the Prince. On his writing-table were two telegraphic knobs, a white and a black one; he pressed the white one; the old valet entered, and the Prince said, —

"I desire that there shall be no one in the ante-chamber."

The attendant withdrew. Sonnenkamp gazed questioningly at the Prince, who said: —

"Your elevation to rank has been a difficult matter for me. You have many enemies, of course."

Sonnenkamp's eyes closed for a moment, as if some one were brandishing a dagger before them; and then he gazed at the picture; it was no creation of his fancy, it was hanging there behind the Prince. Why did the Prince have it in his cabinet?

"You are a man of noble ideas," began the Prince anew; "you have shaped your life yourself, I respect you for that; such men deserve the highest honors. I am glad that I can confer them on you, as I can."

Sonnenkamp wanted to say that he was well aware of the opinion of the Count of Wolfsgarten, but that he did not question the absolute power of the Prince; but it seemed better to be silent. Why should he embark in a discussion which would only lengthen out the scene? And besides, the Cabinets-rath had strongly urged upon him the necessity of discretion.

The Prince now went over once more all the noble and good things which Sonnenkamp had done. The latter listened modestly with downcast eyes; he really found it very trying to hear it all now in his present position; the Prince might defer it until a party, or a hunt, or some other occasion would offer a favorable opportunity. Sonnenkamp was of the opinion that the whole court, as well as himself, looked upon all these stories about nobility as nothing more than an excellent necessary humbug; he was astonished to find the Prince so solemn and earnest in a tête-à-tête. Or was this part of the humbug?

But the Prince was going through with what was before him as became a man moved by duty, however unpleasant the duty might be; he evidently considered it proper to declare his motives, in order to exhort the man to strive after things still more noble. He seemed to himself at this moment a kind of priest, who, concealed from the whole world in the inner sanctuary of the temple, is consecrating a novice; he was much moved himself. The first chamberlain had not been wrong; the Prince had returned to the palace some time before the hour appointed, but he had been quietly preparing himself beforehand for this solemn ceremony.

Since Herr von Endlich's elevation to the nobility, the Prince had been in the habit of using certain set phrases; no one knew

who had originated them, but he often repeated, like a lesson learned by heart, the words—"Yes, yes, it is an established rule, an excellent rule, that the monumental should not be treated lightly. One should not carve in stone, or cast in bronze, a momentary jest or whim, to look awkward and out of place as time goes on, such things are only fit to enliven the passing moment. The transient should not be transformed into an enduring monument." He did not show distinctly what was in his mind, but it was easy to see what he meant. He had not done well in making a pun with the name he had conferred upon Herr von Endlich, for what is more monumental than elevation to rank? The present occasion, therefore, he wished to make a thoroughly solemn one.

Patiently, and like a child bending forward to receive confirmation, Sonnenkamp bowed his head. Several times the Prince stretched out one hand, several times the other, several times both together, while he was speaking of the blessings which men strongly armed with the knowledge of the higher duties spread around them. Sonnenkamp expected every minute that he would lay both hands upon his head and bless him, and although the Prince was younger than himself, he would have received the blessing with modesty and humility, for this man had been consecrated by the custom of ages for the dispensation of honor.

At this moment Sonnenkamp tried to be right monarchically inclined; if it had been demanded of him, he would, with every prescribed formula, have solemnly foresworn republic, constitution, and whatever was firmly fixed by the power of law.

In the midst of his remarks the Prince took up a roll, covered with blue velvet, that was lying on his table; he took off the covering and drew out a parchment roll that crackled and rustled, and bore a broad glistening seal.

Sonnenkamp took off his right-hand glove; now comes the moment when he must take the oath and receive the parchment that is to make him a new man. He was ready to be made a new man; he tried to be deeply affected, and sought for the only thing in the world that could really affect him deeply and make him tremble. And now in the middle of the Prince's cabinet he saw before him a church-yard covered with snow in a Polish village, and there was his mother's grave; he did not hear what the Prince was saying while he held the parchment in his hand, but his words were undoubtedly very moving.

But now, what does that mean? the Prince laid the parchment down again on the table, and, sitting down, said:—

"I am glad to see, in your eyes, how profoundly you feel this moment. Pray be seated." Sonnenkamp sat down, and the Prince continued:—

"Let us discuss one more subject, in a quiet way. You have held many slaves, have you any still?"

"No, your Highness."

"Was it only a longing for Germany that induced you to return to the Old World, or was it also your finding the condition of affairs in the vaunted Republic unbearable?"

"The latter, your Highness, although the former had something to do with it. I see trouble brewing in the United States, which—I say this only to your Highness—cannot be settled except by the establishment of a monarchy in the New World."

"Good, you must explain the matter to me more fully some other time. I am glad to learn—very glad. It is our duty to receive instruction from those who understand a particular subject thoroughly. What do you think of slavery in general?"

"That is a very extensive subject, your Highness; I have put my views upon it in writing; I shall have the honor —"

"No, just tell me concisely the kernel, the principle of the thing."

"Your Highness, the niggers are an inferior race, that is an established physiological fact; it is idle dreaming—though honestly maintained by many—which leads directly to the ruin of the nigger himself, to set him down as entitled to the same rights with other men."

"And would you —" asked the Prince. "No, I will put another question to you. How do you regard a man who traffics in beings of this inferior race?"

Sonnenkamp started up immediately from his chair, but he sat down again quickly, and said:—

"Creatures, your Highness, who cannot help themselves, and who never will be able to, are protected as they would not otherwise be by being considered as property; that so called generosity, without profit, without material regard either for property or for honor, is like a soul without a body; one can conceive it, but it does not exist, at least in the world we see before us."

"Very fine—very good. You are a thinker. I myself believe that the negro is better off with a master. But how is it when you see with your own eyes the child sold away from the mother, and in that way every tie of family forcibly torn asunder?"

"But, your Highness, that happens very seldom, or rather hardly ever," replied Sonnenkamp with great composure, "for it would be a material disadvantage, and would make the slaves less inclined to work; but should it happen, any sentimental feeling about the matter would be only narrowing the sentimentalism from a wider sphere to a special case. A brute that has outgrown the care of its parents knows the parents no more, mates do not know each other after the brooding time is past. I will not say——"

"What is it?" said the Prince, interrupting him suddenly.

The white-haired valet entered.

"Why am I interrupted?"

"His Excellency the Minister begs your Highness to open this immediately."

The Prince opened the letter, and took out a printed sheet; a red line ran along the margin of it like a streak of blood. The Prince began to read, he looked up from the page towards Sonnenkamp: he read on farther, the paper cracked and trembled in his hand; he laid it down on the table and said:—

"Confounded audacity!"

Sonnenkamp was standing at the table, and it seemed to him as if the two telegraphic knobs had changed into eyes, one white and one black, and from the green table a fabulous creature of strange form was shaping itself,—a queer monster with a white and a black eye, and that it was emerging from the deep, moving along sluggishly, and staggering from side to side. As if in the frenzy of fever he sat there collecting all his strength. The Prince, looking now at the paper, now at Sonnenkamp, at last walked up to him and held out the paper; the rustle of it was like the stab of a knife as he said:—

"Here, read it—read it."

Printed in large letters on it were these words marked with red ink:—

"A humble suggestion for a coat-of-arms and escutcheon for the ennobled slave-trader and slave-killer, James Heinrich Sonnenkamp, formerly Banfield, from Louisiana—"

Sonnenkamp read only these words, and then stared up at the Prince, on whose face was a distorted smile.

"Give me your hand," said the Prince, "give me your hand and tell me, on your word of honor, that it is a lie. Give me your hand, and we will then crush the impudent scoundrels."

Sonnenkamp staggered back, as if a shot had struck him. What was all that he had

enjoyed in life compared with the anguish of this moment?

He stretched out his hand doubled up, as if he wished to say: I can break you like a slender twig. But he opened his hand, and held it on high with the forefinger pointing to heaven.

Then suddenly there appeared in front of him a large powerful negro, rolling his eyes and showing his teeth.

With a cry more like that of a wild beast than of a human being, Sonnenkamp fell backwards upon his chair.

The figure in front of him gave a yell, and behind him yelled another—it was Adams, who had rushed in.

"Prince! master!" cried the negro, "this is the man who took me, who carried me off as a slave, and pitched me into the water. Let him only show his finger, it still bears the mark of my teeth. Let me have him, let me have him! I'll suck his blood for him, I'll choke him! Only let me have him a minute—let me have him! then kill me!"

Adams caught hold of Sonnenkamp's hand from behind, and clutched it as if he would crush it.

Sonnenkamp struggled with all his might to throw off the powerful hold, wrestling with the negro clinging fast to him; and his anguish was doubled, for he was not only wrestling, but, as he thought, he could see in the mirror opposite two beings, one was himself—was it really he?—the other a devil, a demon.

Is it all only a fever-fancy, or is it reality?

The Prince's finger constantly plied the telegraphic bell on his table; servants began to pour in, in great numbers.

The Prince cried:—

"Take Adams out. See that he keeps quiet; and the rest of you show this man out of the palace."

Adams was torn away from Sonnenkamp; he roared like a bull that has received the fatal stroke, and foamed at the mouth.

The Prince took the parchment with the red seal up from the table, and turned away with it.

Then Sonnenkamp rose up; he glanced at the Prince, his eyes almost starting from their sockets, and shrieked out:—

"What would you have? and what then are you? Your ancestors, or connections, or whatever else they were, sold their subjects away into America, and got a fixed price for a shot-off arm, for a lucky corpse. You have trafficked in white men, and sent them across the sea. And what are you now? Secret proprietors of gambling hells

at home. Pah! I bought my slaves from a prince, bought them honorably, but what did you do? You sold off your subjects, and on Sundays those who were left behind had to say amen in the church, when the Lord of lords was supplicated for your welfare. Are you ashamed of this kinship? But I tell you he was a man, and deserved better to reign than ——"

He was not sure whether the Prince still heard what he was saying; the servants seized him and gave him to understand that he must be quiet, that such loud talking was not permitted there.

Sonnenkamp had fallen; he was raised again, and led down the staircase. He looked about him often, as if he wanted to say, "I shall never tread these halls more."

Below, the carriage was waiting. Sonnenkamp leaned on Joseph and said:—

"Joseph, sit beside me in the carriage."

That was all he said.

When they had reached the hotel, and got out, the little fellow was in the midst of the hackmen; they all had courage enough now, and cried out:—

"Long live the Baron! hurra! again hurra!"

Sonnenkamp could not utter a word. Was the world mocking at him?

He could not tell how he got up the steps. In a moment he was sitting in a large chair; he gazed at the mirror, as if in that room too the reflection of the negro must confront him there.

He sat there, staring, without speaking a word.

CHAPTER IV.

DISSECTED.

SONNENKAMP leaned back in the arm-chair and stared before him; then he looked at the chair itself and caught hold of the arms of it, as if he wanted to ask, Does the chair I am sitting on still hold together? Then, as he laid his hand upon his breast, he began to quiver like an aspen; he felt the order, tore it off with vehemence, and cried:—

"So it is, I must struggle with two worlds. I must fight with the old one as I have with the new. Cheer up! the new hunt is beginning. I will not suffer myself to be put down. I must either despise myself, or despise you; we will see who is strongest, who is most worthy."

It breathed new life into him to think that the world so despised him.

"Just so! I can do that too; I despise you all!"

"But the children! the children!" some-

thing whispered to him. When he was waging war in America, the children knew nothing of it. He rang and asked:—

"Where is Roland?"

"The young master has not got back yet; he was here at twelve o'clock, and asked for you, but he rode away again with some comrades."

"He should have waited," exclaimed Sonnenkamp. "Well—it is better so," he said, calming himself.

Again he was sitting alone; his mind turned inward on itself, and now the matter was clear to him. So it was that the men outside the printing-office had been reading; it was through mockery that the poor devils in front of the hotel had raised a cheer for him.

He stood up and looked through the window. The hack-drivers were standing together in a group, and the dwarf was reading to them from the newspaper; they may have felt that Sonnenkamp was looking at them, for all at once they turned their gaze upwards, and Sonnenkamp as if struck by a hundred bullets staggered back into the middle of the room; then he sat down and held his open hands together between his knees. He had gazed into an abyss; it had dizzied him, but he was composing himself with courage and decision. He knew how at this moment they were talking about him all over the city, in carpeted hall and plastered stable—they are saying: I wouldn't take all his millions to be in his shoes. Very assiduously did Sonnenkamp picture everything to himself—and what will be in the paper in the morning?

Sonnenkamp sat silent a long time, buried in himself; at length a letter was brought to him, bearing a large seal. Sonnenkamp started; could the Prince have regretted what had happened, and have gone so far as to join with him, and, truly great, thus defy the world? Long he stared at the seal; but it was only that of the newspaper office, and the weighty letter contained several pieces of gold. Crutius, with many thanks, returned what he had received at the time he had gone up to the villa, and explained that he would have sent it back much sooner if he had not desired to pay it with interest.

"Pshaw! how contemptible," cried Sonnenkamp. For sometime he weighed in his hand the gold that had been scornfully returned to him. So it is then! Every one dares to scorn you, and you must be quiet when every one pities you.

He had a revolver with him, he sprang up; he took it up, waved it in the air, turned it over. Yes, that was the course

to take! To the printing-office and shoot down this Professor Crutius like a mad dog! But in this country that cannot go unpunished. And should he, then, shoot himself, be thrown into prison, and have his head cut off?

"No, no! we must work the thing differently," he said to himself. He laid the revolver back again in the case, and rang. Joseph came, he was trembling. Who knows what the man-eater is going to do with him now?

"Ah, master!" said Joseph, "I remain with you. The coachman Bertram has taken service here in the house. I do not want double and treble wages, which people say you will have to give now."

"Good! Who was your father, is he still alive?"

"Yes, indeed; my father is in the School of Anatomy, and when the corpses of the suicides came to the dissecting-house, my father often used to say: Yes, yes, when one has done that most frightful thing in the world, he must be dissected into the bargain. Excuse me, Sir, I too am quite confused. But the Professorin told me once, that every one has done something in his life out of the way, and so we should stand by and be true to one another."

A peculiar smile flitted over Sonnenkamp's countenance; the poor rogue was playing the kind-hearted, and bestowing forgiveness upon him.

"So? the Professorin?" said he. In a moment his thoughts were in the villa, in the park, in the hot-houses, in the greenhouse. He wanted to ask Joseph whether the Professorin had said anything more definite, and whether she knew all about him. But he kept back the words, and simply said that he wanted to send some messengers.

"And do you see to it too, let Roland be hunted up and brought here at once. Let Herr von Franken be sent for, too," he cried out after Joseph.

Roland was hard to find, but Franken was not to be found at all, for he was in a place where no one would ever have thought of looking for the life-enjoying Baron.

The head waiter entered and said that dinner was ready, and asked when it should be served up. Sonnenkamp looked hard at the questioner. The creature surely knew that he would eat nothing, and had only come to spy upon him; perhaps there were many people down below who would like to hear how Herr Sonnenkamp bore himself just now. Sonnenkamp rose proudly, looked at the head waiter with a repelling glance, and told him that he need not ask, he would

let him know when he wanted what he had ordered; and at the same time he charged him to see to it, that no one should be allowed to enter his room without having been announced.

One thing after another passed in confusion through his brain; Joseph had told him about the suicides who are dissected in the dissecting-room. Sonnenkamp contemplated himself from head to foot, and then opened his mouth as if he must utter the thought that was now running through his soul. He is being dissected, not bodily, but spiritually, by every stinging, scandal-loving tongue.

CHAPTER V.

THE CONFESSION OF A WORLDLING.

AT the very time that Sonnenkamp was entering the palace, Franken was going into the deanery; he was detained a few minutes by the passing soldiery, he had to salute many a comrade covered with dust, on foot and on horseback. He was going to that quarter of the city wherein resounded no clang of military music; here all was still, as if everything were holding its breath, except that in the church the organ notes were still swelling. He went in, he saw the Dean, a large powerful man, just returning into the sacristy. Franken sat awhile in a pew, until he felt sure that the Dean had reached his house; then he left the church. The servant was standing in the open door; he said that the reverend gentleman requested Franken to walk in and wait a few moments. He was shown up the staircase; it was a fine large staircase of the old chapter house. At the top, a young priest who was just coming out was shutting the door very quietly, even reverently; the young priest came down the left staircase while Franken went up the right.

Franken had to wait awhile in the large room where an open book lay on the table. He looked into it; it was a scheme of ecclesiastical preferments; he smiled. Good, the priests, like the military, have a printed list, too. This simile gave him new courage.

The Dean entered; he had a book in his hand, between the leaves of which he had inserted his forefinger. He saluted Franken, making a gesture with the book, and begged him to sit down; he offered him a seat on the sofa, and seated himself opposite him in a chair on casters.

"What do you bring, Herr Baron?"

With a peculiar smile, Franken answered that he brought nothing, but on the other hand came to get something. The priest

nodded, looked into the book once more at the place where he had his finger inserted, and laying it aside said:—

"I am ready."

Franken began to explain, that he had chosen the Dean in preference to any one else, to be his confessor in an affair which only a man of noble birth could properly appreciate and give advice about. The Dean grasped his chin with his left hand, and said with great decision, that after ordination and the new birth there was no longer any nobility; he had no different power from that of the son of the poorest day-laborer.

Franken felt that he had made a mistake at the outset, and went on to say in a very humble way, that above all things he regarded the priestly dignity as the highest, but that still it was well known that the very worthy Dean knew something about the circumstances of life which he wished to lay before him. Then he gave a concise account of his past life; it was that of a son of a noble family until his acquaintance with Sonnenkamp. At this point he went somewhat into detail, and confessed that his thinking of Manna as his wife, Manna the daughter of the millionaire, was at first nothing more than a jest, a pastime. He related how Manna had unexpectedly entered the convent; and with great earnestness he declared that it was Manna that had awakened in him the knowledge of the higher life. He dwelt particularly on his momentary determination to become a priest; but he was now of another way of thinking; he was still too worldly in his views, but he hoped, however, in union with Manna, to lead a life devoted to the highest of all interests.

With quiet attention, frequently closing his eyes, and again opening them quickly, the Dean listened to the story.

At last Franken paused, and the reverend father said:—

"That, I suppose, is the introduction. I must now tell you on my part that I know this Herr Sonnenkamp and his daughter. I was staying not long ago with a brother priest in the town which is part of the same parish with Villa Eden—is not the place so called? I have seen the maiden; it was then reported that she was going to become a nun. I have also seen the park and the house; everything is very stately, very beautiful. And now I beg of you, proceed and tell me, without any further digression, what you wish from me."

Franken went on to say rapidly, that in conjunction with the Cabinetsrath he had brought matters to such a point that Son-

nenkamp was at this very hour receiving a patent of nobility.

Again he paused, but the Reverend father asked no more questions, but simply looked at him inquiringly.

Fasting his gaze upon the table-cover, Franken now went on to tell what he knew of Sonnenkamp's past life; he had, up to this moment, believed that he might regard it with indifference, but at the present time—just since yesterday—when Sonnenkamp and his family were to be made of equal rank with himself, it let him rest no longer.

"I don't understand you," said the Dean. "Do you find yourself overburdened in your conscience, because you, although you knew what the man is, still endeavored successfully to procure for him an honorable and distinguished preferment? in a word, his elevation to the rank of noble?"

"Yes and no," replied Franken, "I am not clear on that point. I could say that I am innocent, for I have never been asked my opinion on the matter, and still——"

"Go on, I think you are on the right path; 'and still'—you were going to say."

Franken resumed his speech like a pupil in examination, and collecting his thoughts said:—

"Thank Heaven that there are living beings sent into the world, to whom we can and must tell what we do not acknowledge to ourselves. I must still, however, confess that my open and undisguised relation to Herr Sonnenkamp is perhaps something more than an expression of an opinion."

"Right, quite right! You have come to me then, to learn, at the very last hour, what you ought to do?"

"To tell the honest truth, no. I simply wished to have you give me something, an injunction of some sort to ease this constant torment and fear of discovery."

"Wonderful world!" rejoined the Priest. "Wonderful world! You would like to live in sinful enjoyment, and still, at the same time receive an 'absolving benediction.'"

Franken's thoughts wandered involuntarily to Nelly's house near by, but with a powerful effort he called back his thoughts.

Both men said nothing for a short time; then the Dean asked:—

"Does this Herr Sonnenkamp know that you are acquainted with his past life?"

"O no, and he must never know it."

Again there was a long pause.

From the cathedral near by came the stroke of noon; the bells rang out the Angelus, the Priest rose and said a low

prayer; Pranken did the same. They seated themselves again, but neither spoke. Pranken was becoming indignant; he was angry with himself for having come here; however, there was no help for it now; with repressed anger he said at last:—

"Very Reverend sir, I have confessed everything to you now; I beg of you to advise me."

"Should I advise you to forsake Herr Sonnenkamp and your bride?"

Pranken shrunk back.

The Dean proceeded, rising, and walking up and down the parlor:—"That is the way with you. You will have advice, you children of worldly pleasure, but only such advice as enjoins no privation upon you; you will have such counsel only as enables you to accomplish your purpose, whatever it may be, with a pacified conscience. You want mustard for the digestion of heavy dinners, do you not?" said he, turning round suddenly.

His eyes sparkled.

"Reverend sir," said Pranken, in a tremor, "bid me forsake Herr Sonnenkamp and Manna, and I promise you that I will do it forthwith. Only think what will become of the maiden, and shall not what has been so earned be used for higher——"

"Stop!" said the Dean, interrupting him, and extending his hand with a gesture of rebuke, knitting his brows and pressing his lips tight together. "You think that you can bribe us with these millions? You are another of those, who, with outward veneration, still believe within themselves the clergy want nothing but money, nothing but power. No, we want none of your money, so won by marriage or inheritance!"

The Priest was standing at the window, looking up at the sky, in which dark clouds were gathering; he seemed to have quite forgotten that Pranken was there, and the latter finally said to him,—

"Reverend sir, do you wish me to withdraw?"

The Priest turned round quickly and said, motioning with his left hand,—

"Sit down—sit down."

Pranken obeyed.

"Now I will tell you something. What you have done to the nobility, for you have done it, and not simply allowed it to happen; is your concern and that of the nobility; for us, your grades of honor are matters of no moment. Whether a man is a commoner or a noble, it is all the same to us. But I tell you this"—the Priest hes-

itated, and resting his elbow in the hollow of his right hand took hold of his chin with his left; he seemed to be arranging his words with quiet deliberation—"I tell you this: you must be true now, you must not forsake this man and his daughter. You must share everything with them, whatever the worldly honors may bring; you must consider yourself as linked to them, and thank God in humbleness of heart that you have an opportunity of devoting yourself, and leading your new family to the pure and noble sacrifice of self."

Pranken started up, kissed the Priest's hand, and exclaimed,—

"I will, I promise you. Keep your eye on me; you shall see that I will go through with whatever you enjoin upon me."

"Go then, and God be with you; you have a heavier burden to carry than you now think for. Go, and God be with you."

He laid his hand on the Baron's head; Pranken turned away, and full of humility descended the staircase; at the bottom he gave the soldier a brotherly shake of the hand.

After Pranken had gone, the soldier kept looking at his hand, and then searching on the floor; he could not imagine that the free and easy Pranken had not given him a gold piece. No, that would have made a ringing; he must surely have given him paper money; but he could not find it on the clean stone-floor.

As if he had anticipated the soldier's thoughts, Pranken returned, and departed after putting a gold piece into his hand.

He came by Nelly's house, where yesterday—it seemed to him a dream—no, it cannot be!—he had waited an hour. He glanced up, and thought he saw some one leaning at the open window, whose eyes followed him; he fixed his look upon the ground, and passed on.

He came to the parade-ground, listened to the music, saw the officers standing in a group, and—who can calculate the sinuous course of thought?—he thought that the watchword was now being given out to the officers; and he had a watchword too, which no one else was to know, given to him by the man behind the cathedral, who had dashed him down as if he would break every one of his bones. A smile went over Pranken's features.

"Thou hast played well, but thou hast only played," he said, recalling to mind the Dean. "You shall see that I can play well too; I know my part, and I will yet show you a little of my skill in playing."

Pride again rose within him, and he could

not comprehend that he, Otto von Pranken, had been such a mortified piece of humility. But it is very well to have been so once.

He came to the Hotel Victoria in a half-humble, half-conceited mood, and he now felt a real training-day hunger. Such mental emotions have this advantage, that they make one hungry.

Pranken anticipated with a feeling of satisfaction his dinner with the Baron, his father-in-law.

As he stood at Sonnenkamp's door and was about to ring, he heard some one inside saying in a loud tone:—

"But where's Herr von Pranken?"

"Here!" cried he, as he went in.

CHAPTER VI.

HONOR LIES BLEEDING.

SONNENKAMP's decoration was lying at Pranken's feet as he entered, and the first thing he did was to stoop down and pick it up. Joseph left the room. Pranken balanced the decoration as if it were a heavy weight. Sonnenkamp seemed to be waiting for Pranken to speak first, and when the latter said, "I congratulate you," broke in:—

"No, no—do not. I thank you for coming to me again. I thank you sincerely—very sincerely. You meant well by me."

"What's this? Meant well? I don't comprehend."

Sonnenkamp stared at him; the whole city, the coachmen on the streets knew it, and can this man be ignorant? Does he want to gull him?

"Have you read the Journal?" inquired Sonnenkamp.

"The Journal! No; what's in that?"

Sonnenkamp reached him the paper. "Here—my diploma of nobility," he said, turning round and looking out of the window while Pranken was reading. He did not want to look at the man's countenance.

There was a long-continued silence in the room, and then Sonnenkamp felt a hand upon his shoulder. He turned round quickly. What's the meaning of this? will the haughty young nobleman have a personal struggle with him?

"Herr Sonnenkamp," said Pranken, "I am a nobleman——"

"I know—I know. Take your hand off me, you'll soil it."

"And I am your friend," proceeded Pranken calmly. "I cannot approve of what you have done to provoke such a publication."

"Be brief, I've already heard sermonizing enough to-day."

"Herr Sonnenkamp, I always go counter to the public sentiment; I respect you, notwithstanding, and I love your daughter. I am almost glad that I can show you by a sacrifice how my intention——"

"Herr von Pranken, you do not know what you are doing. Your friends, your family——"

"I know the whole. Pooh! the virtuous people may let the stones alone which they would willingly throw at us. Whoever merely winks with the eye shall receive my challenge."

"I admire your courage, but I cannot take advantage of it."

"Not take advantage of it! You have no right to decline it. I am your son as well as Roland; I stand by you, and now it shall be shown who has genuine nobility and bravery. I admire you—but we'll drop this now. Has Roland got back yet?"

"No."

"Then he has gone with the Ensign to the dinner. I will go for him."

Sonnenkamp looked at him in amazement as he drove off; he could not comprehend it. He was now alone again. He mentally accompanied the messengers he had sent round the city, and out to the pleasure-grounds. His thought went out in search of Roland, but did not find him, any more than the messengers did. Roland had gone with the Cabinet's son, as Pranken had conjectured, to the military club-house, where a number of the garrison officers, after the laborious review of the forenoon, had ordered a dinner. There was a great deal of merriment and drinking, and they drank the young American's health. Roland was one of the liveliest among them. There came in a straggling guest, and cried out in the midst of the uproar,—

"Have you heard? The slave-trader has been caught with a paper lasso."

"What's to pay?" was called out.

The new-comer read out of the paper:—

"A proposal, with all due deference, for a coat of arms and a device for the ennobled slave-trader and slave-murderer, James Henry Sonnenkamp, alias Banfield, of Louisiana."

"It would give us peculiar satisfaction to run a parallel between the young nobility in the two hemispheres; to live on the labor of others is their motto; 'thou art born to do nothing,' say the young nobility of the Old as well as of the New World. The Americans have also a superstitious belief that there is some peculiar honor in

being ennobled. Not because we share in this belief, but rather in order to do something towards removing it, we have written to America for information about a certain Herr Sonnenkamp. We have hitherto been silent, and we should have been silent longer and forever, out of regard for the children of this outcast, for they do not deserve to bear the load of guilt. We are no friends of the nobility: we regard this institution as of the past and as dead; but the nobles are our German fellow-citizens, also, and a part of our nation. As citizens, merely, we have no power to thrust out a man from our community, and we should have felt obliged to let this man alone; but now, we are ready to furnish the evidence that the man who calls himself Sonnenkamp, and lives at Villa Eden, has been one of the most merciless slave-traders and slave-murderers. Then proceed, O German nobles, and ennoble him, — give him a coat-of-arms. The heralds of our editorial office recommend as a device —

“Stop!” screamed out the Ensign, for Roland had fallen senseless from his chair.

He was carried out of the room, and restored to consciousness. Fortunately, a carriage now drove up, from which Pranken got out. Roland was lifted into it, and they drove to the hotel.

Shaking with a fever fit, and wrapped up in a soldier's cloak, Roland sat in one corner of the carriage. He would occasionally open his eyes, and then close them again.

Pranken told him that he ought to despise the world, but Roland was silent; once only he heaved a deep sigh and exclaimed, —

“O Eric!”

They reached the hotel. Joseph was waiting before the door. The first word that Roland spoke was a request to be left alone. He went up the steps with Joseph.

“You are to go to your father,” said Joseph.

Roland nodded, but when he had gone up-stairs he hastened to his room and locked the door.

Joseph went to Sonnenkamp and told him that Roland had returned.

“He is to come to me,” he said.

“He has locked himself in.”

“Has he his pistols with him?”

“No, I have them with me.”

Sonnenkamp went to Roland's room and knocked; but there was no answer. He begged and entreated Roland to answer him, but Roland made no sound.

“If you do not open immediately, I will shoot myself before your door!” cried Sonnenkamp.

Pranken, who was with him, said: —

“Roland! Roland! will you be guilty of the death of your father?”

“Open! open!” moaned Sonnenkamp before the door.

The bolt was drawn back, and Roland stood rigid, looking at his father, who stretched out his arms toward him; but Roland remained motionless, with lips pressed together, and eyes glaring like one insane.

“My son!” cried Sonnenkamp. “My only son! my beloved son! my child! forgive me! forgive me!”

Roland rushed toward his father, grasped his hand, and wept over it.

“Oh, my child, your tears on my hand! Look, — this wound, this scar, — look, the tears of my child heal it, the tears of my child alone!”

Throwing himself upon Roland's breast, he exclaimed: —

“You, my son, you will not despise your father!”

While he spoke, his heart throbbed violently, and, for the first time in his life, Roland saw his father weep. He embraced him and wept with him.

Father and son then sat opposite each other speechless and motionless, until at last Roland said: —

“Father, there is one way of salvation — only one way of salvation!”

“I am ready, speak, my son.”

“I know it, father — I know it! That sublimest One said to the youth, ‘Go and give away all that thou hast, and follow me.’ And Parker has said that this disgrace must be wiped out; and Benjamin Franklin would say: ‘Thou art free, be not a slave to thyself!’ Cast all away from you, father, let us be poor — poor! Will you?”

“I thank you, my son,” replied Sonnenkamp; he was easier when he saw that Roland had relieved his feelings. “You have a stout heart, a bold spirit, you have noble courage; Herr Eric has taught you well — grand — brave — I thank him — I thank you — that is fine — that is right — the best!”

“Then you agree to it, father?”

“My son, I do not wish to make any pledges — not any; but I promise you, that you shall be satisfied with what I shall do; just in this moment I cannot determine anything.”

“No, now; this very moment! it is the grandest, the only moment! It must be done now! After this moment is death, night, damnation, distraction, misery! Oh, father, you must be strong! I will work for you, for my mother, for Manna, for myself!”

And Eric will be with us! I know not what can be done, but it will — do cast everything away from you!"

"My son, whatever I have of unrighteous possessions, so called, those I will put away. I consider you, my son, no longer in your minority, you are more, you are my brother, you are a man, you are judge of my actions, you are to give your directions — everything with you, through you, out of your pure, your blessed heart, out of your unbroken — yes, your friend Eric, our friend Eric, shall also determine — but let us not come to the final determination at this moment."

And again father and son sat opposite to each other in silence, until Roland began:—

"Father, let us go home to-day."

"No, not to-day. We must both, first of all, get some strength."

Pranken had withdrawn into the adjoining room; he now sent Joseph to say that it was time for dinner. Roland was shocked at the idea of eating anything now; but Sonnenkamp swore that he would not put a morsel into his mouth, although he was almost famishing, if Roland did not sit with them at table, and eat at least a few mouthfuls. Roland yielded.

The Cabinetrath's place was empty, showing what henceforth would be wanting to their table-enjoyment. Pranken beckoned to Joseph, who understood what he meant and quickly removed the plate.

Sonnenkamp now said that he expected the Cabinetrath would probably give up the Villa he had received; and Roland now learned how bribery had been employed, and how corrupt and selfish men were. Sonnenkamp took particular notice what an impression this made upon Roland, and a triumphant expression passed over his countenance. It's well so! Roland is to become acquainted with the whole baseness of human beings, to find out that all people are more or less abject, and then what his father has done will gradually seem to him of less account, and be painted in fainter colors.

A choice table was set, but the three ate as if they were at a funeral repast, with the corpse lying in the next room — the mortal remains of worldly honor. Neither gave expression to the feeling which each of them had; they ate and drank, for the body must have nourishment, in order to bear up under this new heart-ache.

Father and son slept in the same chamber, but neither spoke, for neither of them wanted to keep the other from sleep, which would alone wrap them in oblivion.

"Don't give up!" said Sonnenkamp at

last, as he fell asleep. Roland slept also, but after an hour he awoke and tossed about restlessly. The darkness seemed to stand like a black wall before him, and he sat up as if in delirium.

To lose one's senses, one's reason — yes, to lose them! they are suddenly gone, you know not when, you know not where; you only know they are not here, and they are no longer in your power. But if you could only find them! Your thoughts are no longer under your own control; they come and go, they combine and disperse according to their own pleasure; and yet you inwardly feel that this will not last, it cannot last; that the time must come when you will once more have the mastery.

"If it were not night! if it were only not night!" groaned Roland to himself, as he awakened in a wandering mood from a short hour's sleep. For the first time in his life, he awoke in the night distressed and sad at heart, with the whole world dark and impenetrable before him.

"Oh, if it were not night! if it only were not night!" he said to himself again. He thought of what Eric's mother had once said: "In the night-time everything is more terrible; day comes, and with the daylight all sufferings, both of the body as well as those of the mind, are less formidable; the eye then looks upon the things of the world, and the sunlight illumines and enlivens everything."

"It will be day again!" he comforted himself at last, and sank away into sleep out of all his brooding fancies.

Early in the morning they started with Pranken for the Villa.

CHAPTER VII.

SICK AT HEART.

THE morning air was fresh and cool. Bertram was not on the box of the carriage, but a hired coachman sat next to Lootz. Roland knew the horses, and wanted to take the stranger's place, but Sonnenkamp said in a hoarse voice:—

"No, my child, don't leave me. Sit with me. Stay with me."

Roland obeyed, and took a seat in the close carriage, with his father and Pranken. They drove in silence through the city, each thinking: When, and under what circumstances, will you ever come here again? Roland looked out as they were passing the pleasure-grounds, where in the summer they had excited so much attention at the officers' entertainment. Withered leaves were lying on the tables, and everything was bare and desolate. Sighing and shut-

ting his eyes, Roland leaned back in the corner of the carriage. The bloom of youth had faded out of his countenance over night, and everything was wilted like a flower touched by the frost.

They drove along, for a time, without speaking. Roland, however, soon heard his father making himself merry over the unadulterated rascality of mankind, and one and another person who were generally spoken of with respect and held in high estimation were spoken of as hardly fit to associate with galley-slaves. A beginning was made with the Cabinetstrath, who had allowed himself to be bribed in such a way, and yet could act as if there had never been anything of the kind. And so, in succession, the good name of everybody was torn into shreds.

Pranken let Sonnenkamp expend his violence and rage, not saying a word even when Clodwig was attacked. What was the use! It is the delight of one suffering under mortification, above all one who is suffering through his own fault, to bring down others to his own level. Roland was deeply troubled, and his heart grew cold at the thought of being able to hold his own position only by being made thoroughly acquainted with, and keeping constantly before his eyes, the darker side of all human beings.

Tenderly and cautiously, Pranken began to bring into notice the idea that a firm religious belief was the only adequate support, and he openly inveighed against those who would withdraw this support, the only real one, and the highest, from one who relied upon it. Roland knew that Eric was intended, but he did not let it be seen. Pranken went farther, and said that Eric's father, whom mother and son decked out as a demi-god, was a man who at the university had no scholars, and at whom all the learned men had shrugged their shoulders.

Gloomy thoughts, like cloudy forms, thronging in succession, overcast the soul of the youth. One thought prevailed over all others, and allowed him no rest:—Yesterday, honor was everything; to-day, it has no existence. What is honor? It is the seasoning in each particle of life's food, and without it existence is tasteless. This thought startled Roland as if he had seen some terrific vision. He saw the clouds actually before him, in the shape of dense volumes of smoke from Sonnenkamp's cigar. A voice cried out, in mock-merriment, from the midst of the cloud: The people in the whole region round ought to give him a special vote of thanks, for now they were, in comparison with him, snow-

white angels, and all that they needed was a pair of wings. All the little men and little woman could say: Lord, I thank thee that I am not like this Sonnenkamp here. "I am truly a godsend to you; thank me, O world!"

This humor pleased Pranken, and he said, laughing, that no one, a year hence, after one had become accustomed to it, would think anything of the present troubles; and he would urgently entreat that not a word should be said about selling the villa and moving away.

Sonnenkamp gave Pranken a nudge, but he had no idea that this communication, although it gave Roland anew the feeling of homelessness, affected him far less than the jeering outburst of his father concerning the thanks due him from the world.

A disintegration of the thoughts and feelings of the youth had taken place, and it was impossible to anticipate what changes might be brought about in these different elements through the introduction of a new agency. A feeling had been awakened within him, that he must bear an indelible stain for his whole lifetime.

The mists dissolved, the day was bright, the sun shone warmly, but Sonnenkamp was chilly, and wrapped himself in his cloak. He sat in the carriage, staring out upon the road, but he saw nothing except the shadow of one of the horses, and this shadow was moving its legs to and fro. Is everything only a shadow in like manner? Is what moves you and draws you onward just such a shadow as this?

A vehicle coming towards them raised a cloud of dust, at which Sonnenkamp stared. Whenever you look at this dust, you feel as if you must be smothered by it; but when you are in the midst of it, turn your face away, and it is not so bad after all. Perhaps what has now happened is just such a whirling cloud of dust. Turn your face away.

He saw the shepherds with their sheep upon the stubble-field, and asked himself: Is that a better life? He wanted to sleep; he threw away his cigar and shut his eyes. It seemed to him as if the carriage were all the time going down hill. But when he opened his eyes, they were on the level road.

Again he shut his eyes, for this was the only way he could be alone.

And now he really went to sleep. Roland gazed in silence out into the bright sunshine. Ah, the sight of nature is helpful only to the joyous, or to one who is beginning to rally from sorrow; she brings no consolation to the heavy laden and the deeply

saddened spirit; her changelessness, her unsympathizing and steadfast life, seem almost insulting.

Up to this time, Roland had lived in that twilight realm which separates youth from manhood, and now the period of youth was closed. His pride had been turned to shame, but he was mature enough to forget himself soon, and to direct his regards to his father, who is doubly unhappy; unhappy on his own account, and on account of having brought harm upon others—upon those nearest to him.

Sonnenkamp slept; but in his dreamy state between wakefulness and sleep, the rattling carriage-wheels seemed to him the clanking chains of fettered slaves.

He woke suddenly, and stared as if bewildered. Where was he? What had happened? He wrapped himself in his cloak again, and hid his face.

Franken bent toward Roland, whispering to him:—

“I know how you are inwardly shattered, but there is one cure for you, a grand act, the most sublime deed.”

“What is it?”

“Speak lower, don’t wake up your father. The one thing for you to do,—it is grand,—the great and noble thing for you is to enter the Papal army; this is the only thing to be done. This is the last, the highest tower to be defended now, and if that falls, the atheists and communists have won the day. I would do it myself, if—”

“Yes,” interrupted Roland, “that would be the thing! We give away all our property to the Holy Father, and he issues a bull in favor of the abolition of slavery.”

Sonnenkamp could not keep asleep any longer.

“That’s right, my young fellow,” he cried. “That’s right! the Pope ought to do it. But do you believe that he will do now for money—even were it ten times as much—what he has not done of himself? The idea is a grand one, Herr von Franken, very grand and very—very shrewd.”

There was a little railery in this commendation, for he thought: You want to get the whole inheritance, and hand over my son to the knife.

“But my dear, noble, high-aspiring young friend,” was what he said aloud, “honestly, do you believe that the Pope will do what our Roland expects?”

“No.”

They drove on in silence. They saw the Villa in the distance, and on the tower the banner of the American Union was flying,

together with the green and yellow flag of the country.

When they came to the green cottage, Roland asked to get out of the carriage, and permission was given.

Roland went into the garden, where a bright voice called to him:—

“Mutual congratulations! we congratulate you, and you should congratulate us, too; we are betrothed.”

Lina and the Architect were coming, holding each other’s hand, through the meadow from the Villa. Lina left her lover and came up to Roland, saying:—

“We didn’t want to wait until the dedication of the castle, we have our celebration by ourselves. Oh, Roland, how beautiful and how happy everything is in the world! But why don’t you speak? Why do you make up such a melancholy face?”

Roland could only wave her off, and hurried into the house. The betrothed remained standing in the garden, sorely puzzled, when Lina said:—

“Oh, Albert, there’s no good in being here. Nobody welcomed us at the Villa, Manna was not to be seen, Herr Dournay isn’t there, and Roland runs away. Come, we’ll quit the whole premises. Forgive me for having brought you here before going anywhere else. I thought these were the people to whom I should make known my happiness in the very first place. Come, we’ll go to your castle, and spend the whole day for once; you shall be a solitary knight, and I’ll be a castle-maiden. Come, I thought there was to be a betrothal here to-day, too; but it doesn’t look like it at all, and there’s something frightful the matter.”

Lina and her betrothed went together to the castle, up through the vineyard, but they were detained at the Major’s, who was standing utterly helpless by the garden-hedge.

Such a thing had never happened as took place to-day.

Fräulein Milch had locked herself in her room; she must have met with something very extraordinary.

The Major was perfectly delighted to hear of the betrothal, but he only said:—

“Ah, there might be one down there in the Villa, too; but I’m afraid—I’m afraid we’ll hear some bad news from there.”

The Major insisted upon the betrothed couple taking a seat in his arbor, saying that Fräulein Milch would soon be down.

The Fräulein was sitting in her chamber alone, for the first time in a sore struggle. The world had been a matter of indifference

to her, and only of account so far as something could be obtained from it agreeable to the Major. She found the neighborhood very friendly, and she was grateful to the soil, for the Major had a good digestion, and elsewhere he suffered from dyspepsia. She was also grateful to the Rhine, which occasionally furnished a nice fish, and she would nod to the mountains, as if she would say: That's right! just produce good wine; the Major likes to drink it when new, but he mustn't drink too much of it. Thus was the Fräulein kindly disposed towards man and beast, towards water and plants; it was a matter of indifference that nobody troubled himself about her. She had strenuously declined every intimate connection, and now, through the Professorin, she had been drawn more among people, and had to-day been so deeply mortified. She had known Bella for a long time, although very distantly, and she had disliked her for a long time, although very distantly; but what she had experienced to-day was something wholly novel, and it grieved her sorely.

"O," said she to herself, "O, Frau Countess, you are highly virtuous, virtuous in the extreme, most respectfully virtuous, and beautiful too, you are; but I was once young and beautiful, and no one has ever ventured to give me an uncivil word; I have gone through the streets unattended by a servant, I was my own attendant, my own protector, and my own support. O Frau Countess, you stand very far up on the list of rank, I don't know but that you ought to be addressed as Your Highness! O Frau Countess, take care, there is another list of nobility which the Major ought to give you a glimpse of; no, not he; it would mortify him to death; but Herr Dournay, he must do it. No—nobody—only myself."

And just as she had become composed, the Major again knocked, crying:—

"Fräulein Milch! dear good Rosa," he added in a whisper, "Rosie, Rosalie!"

"What do you want?" the Major heard laughingly asked.

"Oh heavens! it's all right now you are laughing again. There are two good people here, the Architect, and Lina the Justice's daughter; they are betrothed, and have come to receive our congratulations. Do come, join us in the garden, and bring right off a bottle and four glasses."

Fräulein Milch opened the door. The Major asked:—

"Mayn't I know what has been the matter with you?"

"You shall know, sure enough, but

don't ask me any more now. So the young people are betrothed, and at the house? I must dress myself up a little, and I'll come down immediately."

"So do. That's nice."

Fräulein Milch was delivered from all her own trouble, when the duty was enjoined upon her of rejoicing with the joyful; and the betrothed couple forgot the castle, and remained for hours sitting with the Major and Fräulein Milch in the arbor.

Then the journal came, and the Major begged to be excused for reading it before his guests; he received the paper after the burgomaster, the school-master, and the barber had read it, and so he could keep it. As he had nothing more to do with the world, it made no difference whether he learned an hour or two sooner or later what had happened.

"Oh, here's a great black mark," exclaimed Lina.

"That's the burgomaster's mark," said the Major. "Fräulein Milch, would you read to me? There must be something very special."

The Fräulein took the paper, but she covered her face with her hand after she had looked into it.

"What's the matter? You read, dear Lina."

Lina read the bitter paragraph by Professor Crutius; she wanted to stop after the first few lines, but the Major begged:

"Read on; do read on."

She read on to the end.

"O Thou really good Builder of all the worlds, what queer material you've put into the construction of the world! Good heavens! there's something frightful about a newspaper; now everybody knows about this."

Fräulein Milch was just on the point of saying that this was no news to her, but she had the self-command, doubly difficult for a woman, to keep from telling what she knew. It was better to say nothing, as she would thus escape a long explanation to the Major why she had said nothing about it a long time ago. Not till the Major begged her to go to the Professorin, who would be greatly troubled by this communication, did she say:—

"The Professorin, as well as I, knew it a long time ago."

In his bewilderment, the Major did not ask how it happened that she knew; he only opened his eyes wider. He had said to her a great many good and kind things, but the best of all was when he observed:—

"Yes. You might belong to our Brotherhood, you can keep a secret."

After a while the Major continued: —

"Look, children, down below there is the wonderfully beautiful Villa with its parks, its gardens, and with its millions inside the house — ha! and Roland and Manna. Fräulein Milch, don't try to prevent me. I must go down there, for nobody knows what's going on there, and I must do something to help them. Don't say anything against it, Fräulein Milch, I entreat you."

"I haven't said anything to hinder you; on the contrary, I think you ought to go."

Before she had finished speaking, a messenger came from the Villa for the Major to go there.

Lina wanted to join him, thinking she might be of some assistance to Manna; but the Major said that the Professorin and Aunt Claudine were enough already, and Lina ought not to spoil now any of her happiness.

Just as the Major was about to set off, a voice cried: —

"Herr Major, just stop. I'm coming."

With flushed face, and out of breath, Knopf came up.

"Do you know it?" asked the Major.

"Yes, indeed, and that's the reason I've come. Perhaps I can do something at the Villa."

"Good! I'm going, so come with me. No, you stay here, stay with the Fräulein. I'll have you sent for if you're needed."

And so the Major walked down the mountain, and the four who remained followed him with affectionate looks.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE OPPRESSED.

ROLAND entered the cottage, and found the Professorin, Eric, and Manna in grave conversation together; they had imparted the dreadful secret to each other, and what weighed the most heavily upon them was the thought how Roland would bear it when he should learn of it. He now came in and said: —

"Manna, we are disgraced children!"

The three hastened to him, and affectionately embraced and kissed him.

"Be strong, brother!" said Eric, throwing his arms around him. "I can blow you strong, my brother."

Hiawatha's saying echoed in Roland's soul, and he looked around on all sides, as if bewildered. He sat down speechless on a chair, and the three dear to him sat in silence near him.

Sonnenkamp, meanwhile, had got out at the entrance of the park, and walked to-

wards the villa; it seemed to him as if the ground would give way under his feet, and the house and trees vanish. Are you sick? he asked himself. You are not to be sick! He whistled softly to himself; his gigantic strength still held out.

Here everything is as it was, and you yourself are here, too, he said, exerting a powerful control over himself, as he stood upon his property and grounds. He seemed to be wrestling with a hostile world enlisted against him, and he repelled the encompassing foes with heroic strength; they should not cut off the sources of his confidence and power. He felt himself well armed and equipped. Pranken is right; one must not let himself be cowed, one must bid defiance to the world, and then it will bow itself in humility, and in a year — no, much sooner, all will come and flatter him.

He remained standing on the steps, holding on by the railing, for all his strength seemed exhausted; but drawing a deep breath, and plucking up his courage, as it were, he soon recovered his self-possession. He looked about without constraint, he had become so accustomed to feigning, that he was determined no one should see in him any trace of disturbance.

He went up the steps with a firm and steady stride. He took Pranken's arm, and told him in a candid tone how highly he esteemed him and admired his strength, of which he already felt the effect in himself.

He went with Pranken to his room, nodding to everything which still held its place here, and should hold it firmly for the time to come. He requested his son — so he called Pranken — his son, of whom he was proud, to impart what had happened to Frau Ceres, the very first thing, in his quiet and self-possessed, his easy, his all-subduing manner that he so much admired.

"Make no reply if she storms. This stormy outburst is no longer formidable."

In this declaration there was a sort of tranquillizing influence which Sonnenkamp himself felt. It is better that the whole world should stand up in arms against him, than to be forever and forever under the dominion of this crafty, threatening, and annoying woman. Now her weapon was gone, and the dagger which she had always kept hidden was now unsheathed in the eyes of all the world, and was in every hand.

Pranken went to Frau Ceres; he had to wait a long time in the ante-room, but at last Fräulein Perini came out.

Pranken briefly told her that the secret she had confided to him, and which he had kept so faithfully, was now made public.

"So soon?" said Fräulein Perini; and

when Franken inquired how Frau Ceres would be likely to receive the annihilation of her hopes of being ennobled, and the whole detestable uproar in the world, she replied, smiling, that she could not tell, for Frau Ceres was now suffering under a terrible trial of a wholly different kind.

She could hardly go on, she was so choked with laughter, but finally it came out.

Yesterday morning, Frau Ceres in some incomprehensible way had broken off her most beautiful nail, a real prodigy of most careful cherishing, and she was utterly inconsolable.

Franken could not help joining in the laugh. He accompanied Fräulein Perini into the room.

Frau Ceres gave him her left hand to kiss, holding the right carefully concealed. She asked whether Franken had brought with him the armorial device, and pointed to an embroidery frame on which she wanted at once to work the coat-of-arms, and also to an altar-cloth, whose border was already completed.

Franken now broke the news to her in a very careful manner.

"And he always said I was stupid! I am cleverer than he," Frau Ceres burst out; "I always told him that Europe was no place for us, and that we ought to have remained where we were. Hasn't he caught it now? He's ashamed to come himself, and so he has sent you. He's ashamed, because I, the simpleton, who had never learned anything, knew the affair so much better than he did."

In this first moment, a mischievous joy seemed to be Frau Ceres' predominant feeling; the man who had always treated her as a feeble plaything must now see that her ideas were more correct than his.

She sat long in silence, moving her lips, and with a scornful, exultant expression, as if she were uttering to her husband all her present thoughts. Franken thought it in-

cumbent on him to add, that in a short time the family would be as much respected as before.

"Do you believe that we shall be ennobled then?"

Franken was perplexed what reply to make, for it seemed as if the woman did not yet comprehend what had happened. He evaded a direct answer, and only said that he remained true to the family, and regarded himself as a son of the house.

"Yes, to-morrow ought to be the wedding. Here in Europe, you have so many formalities. I'll drive to church with you. But where's Manna? She has horribly neglected me."

"But, my dear Baron, it is well, this connection with the tutor's family will now come to an end. Don't let it continue any longer, dear Baron."

She requested Fräulein Perini to tell Manna to come to her.

Franken could not comprehend how this woman, half childish, half cunning, sometimes malicious, sometimes peevish, could be also sometimes so affectionate; but there was no time now to try to solve the riddle. He besought the Mother—such was the appellation he now gave to Frau Ceres—to leave Manna alone for a few days; he would first see her alone, and then they would come together to the mother and ask her blessing.

"I give you my blessing now," said Frau Ceres, forgetting herself so far as to give him both hands.

She told him that Bella had been there, and had hardly shown herself to her; that she had come, and then had driven away again in a manner that she couldn't comprehend at all.

Here a shot was heard.

"He has shot himself; he has done it now!" cried Frau Ceres, in a singular tone; it was not lamentation, nor laughter, but something peculiar, utterly inexplicable.

Franken hurried away.

CUT FLOWERS.—TO KEEP FRESH.—When cut flowers have faded, either by being worn a whole evening in one's dress, or as a bouquet, by cutting half an inch from the end of the stem in the morning, and putting the freshly-trimmed stalks instantly into quite boiling water, the petals may be seen, the *Farmer* says, to come smooth and resume their beauty, often in a few minutes. Coloured flowers, carnations, azaleas, roses, and geraniums may be treated in this way.

White flowers turn yellow. The thickest textured flowers come up the best, although azaleas revive wonderfully. Another very good mode of renovating cut flowers is to place them in water under a glass shade. For keeping flowers in water, finely-powdered charcoal, in which the stalks can be stuck at the bottom of the vase, is excellent; it preserves them surprisingly, and renders the water free from any obnoxious qualities.

Public Opinion.

From The Spectator.

THE LIFE OF EDMUND KEAN.*

IF we cannot compliment Mr. Hawkins on his style, or recommend a close perusal of his two volumes, at least we may say that he has succeeded in bringing the great actor of a past generation clearly before the present, and that, on the whole, the interest of the subject predominates over the imperfections of its treatment. It would not be worth our while to criticize Mr. Hawkins's faults in detail; he admits his inexperience as a writer, and is content to claim the benefit of an equally obvious enthusiasm. The story he has to tell may fairly call for our undivided attention, and the character of Edmund Kean, his early mishaps, his efforts, his success, and his astonishing genius, make up a succession of varied and dramatic scenes worthy of his own acting. The contemporary criticisms of Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, on which Mr. Hawkins has drawn copiously, record the main features of Kean's theatrical career, and show what were the points on which he differed from the school he superseded. We must admit that Mr. Hawkins has followed these guides faithfully and intelligently. Very often the account of Kean's reading of particular parts is too minute, and more often still Mr. Hawkins is betrayed into rant and rhapsody by the wish to communicate his own impressions of Kean's greatest hits to less informed readers. But, as a rule, we are able to judge of the greatness of these hits by the effect they produced on cultivated audiences. The mere description of these results sometimes verges on frenzy. When we read of Byron (whom Mr. Hawkins calls rather unnecessarily "the greatest poet of that or any other age") being seized with a convulsive fit at Kean's performance of "Sir Giles Overreach," of the whole house rising in a body and applauding, and of the very actors on the stage fainting, weeping aloud, or standing transfixed with astonishment and terror, we cannot wonder at a young and inexperienced biographer being similarly affected.

It may be said that, on the one hand, there was nothing in Kean's birth or training to prepare us for the development of such surprising powers. But, on the other hand, he did not rely on these powers alone, and his success was as much owing to the most painful and assiduous study as to his native genius. His wife described him as "moping about for hours, walking miles

and miles alone with his hands in his pockets, thinking intensely on his characters. No one could get a word from him. He studied and slaved beyond any actor I ever knew." Before acting the part of King Lear, it is said that he went through scene after scene before the pier-glass from midnight to noonday. For the same part he studied the effects of madness in constant visits to St. Luke's and Bethlehem Hospital, and he was always on the watch for touches of nature, which he afterwards reproduced with great effect. Towards the end of his life, being with some friends in a room at the Castle Inn, Richmond, he was asked when he studied. "I am studying now," he replied, pointing to a man on the other side of the room who was far gone in liquor, but was trying to look as if he was sober. "I wish some of my Cassios were here. They might see that instead of rolling about in the ridiculous way they do, the great secret of delineating intoxication is the endeavour to stand straight when it is impossible to do so." One of Kean's finest effects as Sir Giles Overreach was taken directly from nature. He had once trespassed on a farmer's land with a companion, and the farmer, learning they were players, threatened them with the stocks. Kean's companion challenged the farmer to fight, fought, and was worsted, on which, "in a paroxysm of defeated wrath which convulsed his whole frame and seemed all but to suffocate him, he dragged open his shirt-collar and tore it to ribbons. This incident was not lost upon Kean, who subsequently reproduced it in the last scene of 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts,' when he appeared as Overreach in London; and no one who saw him in that character can ever forget the appalling sensations produced by his manner, as with face livid, eyes distended, lips swollen and parted at the corners, teeth set, and visage quivering, he dragged open his shirt-collar and tore it to ribbons." Such incessant observation and study must have done far more to fit Kean for his triumphant career than the Eton education which he is said to have received, but about which his other biographers are sceptical. Mr. Hawkins gives as his reasons for adopting the tradition that during the period generally assigned to Kean's stay at Eton all other trace of him is lost, that in after years he was as familiar with Cicero, Virgil, and Sallust as with Shakespeare, and that the materials for a contemporary sketch of Kean which mentions the Eton story were derived from Dr. Drury, the head master of Harrow, who is said to have sent Kean to Eton. We cannot treat this evidence as

* *The Life of Edmund Kean.* From Published and Original Sources. By F. W. Hawkins. 2 vols. London: Tinsley. 1869.

at all conclusive; indeed, there is one fatal objection to Mr. Hawkins's theory. In the Eton school lists published by Mr. Stapylton, and ranging over the very time to which Edmund Kean's residence in the school is assigned, no such name is to be found. We think Mr. Hawkins should have referred to these lists before relying on what he calls strong circumstantial evidence, and arguing that nothing can be brought against it but the "occasional imperfectness of the tragedian's Latin."

If there was anything in the tradition which has thus imposed on the biographer, it would at least show a wonderful rise in Kean's circumstances since his earlier childhood. He was the natural son of a man who is alternately described as a tailor, an architect, and a stage carpenter, and of a woman who was sometimes a strolling player and sometimes a hawk. The father had abandoned the mother before the child's birth, and three months after his birth the child was deserted in his turn. He was picked up in the streets by a poor couple, and was taken care of by them till his mother reclaimed him in order to train him for the stage. When three years old he figured as Cupid in a ballet at the Opera; he was afterwards a demon in the Drury Lane pantomime, and when Kemble brought out "Macbeth" at the same theatre, Kean, then aged six, appeared as one of the goblin troupe in the scene of the witches' cauldron. On this occasion he played the manager and the rest of the goblins a trick which "led to the abandonment of what Kemble is reported to have termed the finest commentary on and illustration of Shakespeare ever attempted on the stage." Kean, being hampered by some irons which had been applied to his limbs as a cure for distortion, made a false step, tripped up his neighbour, and sent the whole troop sprawling. One of the next events in Kean's boyhood is his trial of a sea life. He ran away from home, walked to Portsmouth, and shipped himself as cabin-boy on a vessel bound to Madeira. Of course he was not long in discovering that he had made a charge for the worse. To procure his freedom, he affected complete deafness and lameness, keeping up the deception so well that he was sent to hospital in Madeira, and thence back to England. We afterwards hear of sundry other pranks, of continual escapes from the uncle with whom he was staying, of his turning head-over-heels and giving imitations of monkeys and knife-grinders at taverns, and of his being once found tarred and feathered at a public-house where he was tumbling and singing for

halfpence. If this was not a worthy preparation for an Etonian, it was still less in character with the dignity of the future tragedian.

The beginning of Kean's dramatic career, when people wondered who was "that little man in the capes," waiting in the hall at Drury Lane, or when Mrs. Siddons, playing with him at the Belfast Theatre, asked, "Who is that horrid little man?" scarcely lead up to the sudden success he gained on his appearance as Shylock. But from that time forward he rose from glory to glory. In almost every part he played he worked a revolution. The conservatives of the drama objected to his black wig in the part of Shylock, to the "quickness of familiar utterance" with which as Richard III. he pronounced sentence on Hastings, to the "light, gay, and careless air" substituted for gloom and grimness in the representation of Iago. But the public was with Kean in all these points, and, right or wrong, they were applauded to the echo. We have already heard of his reception as Sir Giles Overreach. When he first acted Shylock to a thin house, the actors in the green-room wondered how such a noise could be made by so few people. The nightly receipts of the theatre rose so rapidly that the committee of management doubled Kean's salary, and gifts, praises, tributes flowed in to him from all quarters. Among his finest hits must be ranked the attitude he assumed in Richard III., when the action of the play was suspended in order that he might stand for a while drawing figures on the sand and gazing into vacancy. Of his performance of Luke in Massinger's "City Madam" it is recorded that an old lady, who had intended leaving him a large sum of money, was so appalled by the cold-blooded villany he displayed, that she transferred the legacy to a distant relation. We will let Mr. Hawkins speak of the crowning effect in Kean's Zanga:—

"But all was cast into the shade by the unspeakable grandeur of his avowal of the terrible success attendant upon those stratagems which had turned the hydra of calamities—jealousy—to his dire intent:—

'Born for use, I live but to oblige you;
Know then, 'twas I.'

His eye lit up with a preternatural brilliance; the long-smothered hate blazed forth with fearful intensity; as Alonzo fell he majestically extended his arms over the fainting Spaniard; towering over the prostrate body with terrific energy and power, he trampled upon it in an attitude which Hazlitt regarded as not the less dreadful from its being perfectly beautiful. The

effect was appalling; the fiery soul flashed out with a look and gesture which imparted a corresponding dignity to the body; Rae (Alonzo), although the largest man, seemed to wither—shrink into half his size and appear smaller than Kean; and as Barry Cornwall contemplated the dark and exulting Moor standing over his victim, with his flashing eyes and arms thrown upwards ('as though he would lay open his very heart to view') he thought that he had never beheld anything so like the 'Archangel ruined.' His life was recalling to mind the line descriptive of the 'sail-broad vans' of the great spirit of Milton when, by an extraordinary coincidence of idea, he heard Southey exclaim to a companion, 'By God! he looks like the Devil.'"

Perhaps amidst all his triumphs the most gratifying recognition Kean met with was that which he received from Garrick's widow. She declared at once that Kean reminded her of her husband, and when Kean dined with her, she led him solemnly to a chair that had been Garrick's favourite chair, saying to him, "You are the only person I think worthy of sitting in it." On Kean's complaining to Mrs. Garrick that the critics often misapprehended him, giving him credit where he did not deserve it, and passing over parts on which he had bestowed the greatest care and attention, the old lady replied naively, "You should write your own criticisms: David always did." But when Kean came out in the part of Abel Druggier, Mrs. Garrick made herself his severest censor. She wrote him the following note:—"Dear Sir, you can't play Abel Druggier.—Yours, &c., Eva Garrick." Kean replied more shortly still, "Dear Madam, I know it.—Yours,—Edmund Kean." Criticism from such a quarter he took with good grace, and the play disappeared from the bills after two more representations. But it is interesting to contrast with this docility Kean's proper pride and independence when he was bearded by uncultivated audiences. At the Glasgow Theatre he quelled a disturbance by advancing to the footlights and asking, with a contemptuous emphasis, "What are your commands, *gentlemen*?" In Guernsey he applied to the audience a line from his part,—

"Unmannered dogs, stand ye when I command!"

An apology was demanded, and Kean exclaimed, "Apology! take it from this remark: the only proof of intelligence you have yet given is in the proper application of the words I have just uttered." In like manner, at the Coburg Theatre, being called after the fall of the curtain by an audience which had not appreciated his act-

ing, but thought itself entitled to make him bow his acknowledgments, Kean said calmly, "Well, I have played in every civilized country, where English is the language of the people, but I never acted to an audience of such ignorant, unmitigated brutes as you are."

And yet Kean was doomed to face much bitter opposition at various periods of his life. His early struggles were light compared with the intensity of that in which he was involved by his unhappy intrigue with an alderman's wife. This, and the troubles arising out of it, embittered his closing years, and the curtain which had risen on want and hardship fell upon a more cruel sorrow.

From The Spectator, 22 May.

CUBA AND THE ALABAMA QUESTION.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW YORK, May 7, 1869.

WHEN Mr. Sumner made his speech upon the proposed Treaty for the settlement of those reciprocal claims between Great Britain and the United States, one item of which has been forced into undue prominence, under the name of "The Alabama Claims," by designing and unscrupulous people in this country, he furnished a very good text for a letter to the *Spectator*. Rather, he would have done so, were it not that the views which he set forth so clearly and so ably had already been presented in these columns with some particularity. It seemed that all necessary comment on that speech could be made in England; and I revert to its subject now only to do what I may toward the correction of some misapprehensions in regard to it, which, judging by the London newspapers, and by public and private correspondence from that quarter, seem to be very prevalent among those for whom they speak.

And first, pray dismiss at once from your minds that there is anything belligerent in the purposes or the feelings of this people toward Great Britain. We have had our fill of fighting for at least one generation, and were never less disposed to quarrel with any one than we are at present. So hideous does war seem to us, so destructive have we found it, so do we groan under the burthens it has laid upon us, that we, never at any time inclined to fight, except upon compulsion (so far have we deteriorated from our English origin), would now put up with almost anything but open insult and great and wanton injury. Nor, as regards our

feeling towards the British Government or people, is there any peculiar aggressiveness or pugnacity in us. Neither are we angry with our brother, although we think that we have a cause. And as to any pettishness, like that of a wife who won't make up, and who won't take the bracelet, to which I was sorry to see the *Spectator* compare our conduct, trust me, you have sadly mistaken us, if you really think that it is in any such mood that we have rejected Mr. Johnson's Treaty. If, then, we are not belligerent, or angry, or even sulky, in what state are we, and what is the matter? This: we are hurt. No wound of petty vanity stings us into petulance; but a deep, grave consciousness of great offence; offence the greatest that can be given by one nation to another; offence given with what is worse than deliberate intention, absolute indifference. The people of the United States have a rooted consciousness that the British Government and the governing classes of the British people seized with eager haste the time of our trial, the hour of our peril, to show us that they set at naught our title to the consideration due to a people having a recognized place among civilized nations; that in their opinion it was a very small matter, even as far as we were concerned, whether our Government was extinguished, and as concerned other nations, and particularly the British, it was rather to be desired that we should, as a power and a unit in the world, be blotted out of existence; and that this feeling of mingled contempt and hatred found its fittest and most perfect expression in the circumstances which attended the building, the sailing, and the career of the cruiser which, under the protection of belligerent rights originally granted with indecent haste, drove our commerce from the ocean. Mr. Sumner put the case well in speaking for his countrymen when he said that the injury this nation had received was in its sovereignty. The London *Times* is reported by telegraph as having said yesterday that "the question is one of law, and not of feeling." Were this true, the question might be easily settled. Law cannot give damages for wounded sensibilities,—does not, except in the case of a woman whose tender heart has been so lacerated by the contemplation of wedding garments bought or planned in vain, that she is inconsolable except by handsome damages paid down in money. But the question is not one of law, but of comity. The very edge of this grievance that cuts so deep into the quick is the dealing with us on the assumption that we were entitled to just as much legal protection as could be

extorted from a British Court, but not to the comity of nations. I am not prepared to say that if I had been born and bred in England I should not have rivalled Mr. Roebuck in my contempt of "the Americans," Mr. Laird, in my willingness to make money out of their calamity, or Earl Russell in my lofty indifference as to the fate of such political invertebrates, any more than I am prepared to say that if I had been born and bred in South Carolina I should not have been fighting under Lee instead of writing under Lincoln. But had I taken the position which was completely shown in the action of the Earl and the two members of Parliament, I should have expected the feeling aroused by it to be less easily obliterated than that consequent upon an open defiance and a long and bloody war. Whether this hurt can be healed in the present generation, even by a confession of wrong on the part of Great Britain and an offer of reparation based upon that acknowledgment, seems to me, I confess, somewhat more than doubtful. Nor can I rate very high the emollient effect of the present change of tone in England toward "America and the Americans," the disposition to laud and magnify what before was scoffed at and belittled, and to cover over all that grated so sorely with a varnish of smoothness. For the most unthinking man of us must see that this change is due merely to the fact that we have shown that we are strong. We know that we are now really less worthy of respect than we were fifty years ago. At a time when our Government was administered by statesmen, men of ability, of dignity, of culture, when our Courts gave opinions which are still quoted with respect by British judges, when our public life was pure and honourable, and as a people, we had a higher moral tone and a more general diffusion of intelligence and education than could be found in any other country in the world, we did not receive the consideration which is now awarded us, when statesmanship and purity are almost equally rare among our public men; when our Courts have sunk so low that they have little authority even among ourselves; and when our society is debauched with sensualism and debased by the gross and open worship of mammon. And why? Simply because we have shown that we can put 500,000 men into the field, and pay 6 per cent. on three thousand millions of dollars. Jonathan may be a raw lad, but he is not so dull that he cannot understand such a sudden change as this, and rate it very near to its exact value. It is somewhat like the change of tone toward President Lincoln

after his death, which had its fullest utterance in *Punch's* penitential psalm. But then, even those of us who thought that there might have been a wiser, stronger, fitter leader than he in the battle for those principles that he expressed with such noble simplicity of language at the burial-ground of Gettysburg, asked ourselves—What, must a President of the United States be assassinated before he can be spoken of by the people who rule in England with the respect due to the head of a great nation?

There is very little anxiety here on this question of the Alabama claims. The British Foreign Office need not fear that it will be vexed by Mr. Motley for their settlement. And Mr. Reverdy Johnson, an able man and an upright, comes home under a cloud, not because of his failure to arrange a treaty, but because like many other able and upright men, he has shown a lack of social tact and wisdom. This sad entanglement will not be cut by war; it will be disentangled in the end, though how or when I shall not venture to predict,—only to hope that it will be with honour to both nations.

Pending this question, we ourselves are placed in a delicate position toward a power with which we are at peace, and our conduct toward which may be, with some reason, set up as a standard according to which we must limit our demands on others. Already we are taunted by leading London journals with our sympathy for the rebellion in Cuba, and asked if British obligations to us were greater than ours are to Spain. Not a whit. And if we do not keep all our treaty obligations to Spain,—and more, if we disregard toward her the comity of nations,—she will have ground of complaint against us the same in kind as that we have against Great Britain, and in degree like it, according to the nature of the insult and the extent of the injury consequent upon our action. We owe to Spain exactly the same respect for treaties and the same comity that we owed to Great Britain when, after the career of the Alabama was closed, through no help or encouragement of our mother and ally, the Fenians attempted to make our soil the base of their operations against Canada; and as we observed that obligation, notwithstanding the pleas that were urged for its non-observance, so we shall keep this, regardless of any temptation to the contrary. A few men and a few guns may leave our shores for Cuba, but it will be because they are sent so secretly that the Government knows nothing of their preparation, and that even the Press will not agree as to whether the vessel is the Arago or the Peril, or as to

the how and the when of her fitting-out and her departure. No vessel intended to cruise against Spanish commerce will lie for months in our docks and at our wharves, her destination known to the world, and pointed out to our Government by a remonstrating Spanish Minister, and then go to sea unbidden, and burn, and sink, and refit in our harbours, and sink and burn again for a twelvemonth and more, unpursued. Should there be such a vessel, with such a career, our mouths will be closed for ever, or at least, until we have owned our wrong-doing, and made all the restitution in our power. But there will be no such vessel, unless a great change takes place in the intentions of our Government upon this point. Orders have been given, I know, which will ensure the observation of all our obligations to Spain, and the Spanish Minister has yet found no ground of complaint. Why, for months the rebels have kept the field in Cuba, for months Spain has been sending troops and ships to put down the rebellion, and the Captain-General has recognized its armed existence, and proclaimed now death and now a general amnesty, and yet, although the rebellion is at our very doors, we have not recognized the Cubans as belligerents. A resolution of the House of Representatives! I wonder, and am a little ashamed, that sensible London journalists should seem to set anything by words spoken in that great spouting club. A resolution in the House is easily passed, and it is of almost as much weight as one passed by any other public meeting of equal numbers. A law is another matter; and that the House cannot make without the concurrence of the Senate and the President. As to sympathy with an insurrection, a genuine rebellion against Spanish rule in Cuba,—that is regarded here as a very different matter from sympathy with the rebellion of the South. Cuba is ruled from without, by a government thousands of miles away, a government in which Cuba has no representation, which holds power by brute force, which keeps the island as its milch-cow, which makes the Cuban take at seventeen dollars the doubloon that is worth but sixteen, and pay export duties on his goods, and an import duty of nine dollars a barrel on all the flour he does not buy of Spain. With a genuine rebellion against such a government, it seems quite possible that men, at least men of English blood, might sympathize, without incurring among each other the reproach of unfaithfulness to any principle of right or any violation of the comity of nations. Certainly we can see no likeness between such

a rebellion and that against one in which the rebels had full representation, and of which they had had for two generations almost unlimited control.

A YANKEE.

From The Spectator, 22 May.
THE LATEST PHASE OF THE AMERICAN TROUBLE.

THE effect of Mr. Sumner's speech is dying away both in this country and in America, — after costing the two countries, it is believed, some thirty millions sterling, — but the "improved" phase of affairs is anything but satisfactory. The chances of a war to arise immediately out of American demands are, no doubt, diminished; but the reconciliation so essential to the interests of both nations, and, as we think, to the progress of the world, seems further off than ever. It is impossible to read any communication from the United States without perceiving that Mr. Sumner expressed with precise accuracy the feeling of his people, without seeing that the real grievance, the "wrong" about which they care, the injury they hope yet to avenge, is one for which there can be no reparation, which is beyond the pale, not only of ordinary diplomacy, but of any negotiation, however informal or however elastic. It is not an act, but an attitude of mind, not the release of the Alabama, but the "unfriendliness" of the British people, for which the Americans desire, and will, they threaten, one day demand satisfaction. No one can read the American journals, or the letter of our able correspondent "A Yankee," or the explanations attributed to Mr. Sumner, or any one of the hundred communications which reach England, without being satisfied that this, and not any legal point whatever, is the very essence of the dispute. Mr. Sumner, in his conversation with the reporter of the *New York Herald*, states that his speech expresses the views of the President, of the Senate, and of the whole people; that the dislike of Mr. Reverdy Johnson had nothing to do with the rejection of the Alabama Treaty, for he negotiated the Naturalization Treaty also, which was ratified by an unanimous vote, and repeats that payment for the losses caused by the Alabama is "nothing to the point." The English must look at the matter as the Americans do, and consider that they have battered down the seaboard cities of the Union. The "American people ask nothing but what is fair, and mean to have jus-

tice at last." The *Evening Post*, most moderate of Republican papers, declares that America will no more consent to arbitration on the matter of the Alabama than a man robbed by a pickpocket would arbitrate as to his right to punish. Our own correspondent, by no means a strong partizan, less of a Republican in sympathy, as he often says, than the *Spectator* is, distinctly bases his claim on the attitude of our people during the war, on Mr. Roebuck's contempt, and Mr. Laird's greed, and Earl Russell's lofty indifference to the fate of such "political invertebrates." America, he says, and he says quite truly, — it is the precise point we have been hammering at all through the controversy, — is not aggressive, not angry, not pettish, not anything but sorely "hurt." By what conceivable contrivance of diplomacy are we to help that? Suppose we put all ideas about honour and position and consistency and truthfulness into our pockets, and formally acknowledge a lie, declare, say by Act of Parliament, that we were dreadfully in the wrong in acknowledging the belligerency of the South, and consequently surrender British America as damages, how would that mend matters? It would still be true that a majority of the British governing class did detest the North, — perceiving instinctively that the North was in the vanguard of the war against privilege, — that many statesmen, including Lord Palmerston, but *not* including Earl Russell, wished the Union broken up as a power too strong for the freedom of mankind, that half the English middle-class were deceived by erroneous intelligence into a similar temper. If that is the root of bitterness, no act however unusual, no apology however abject, no concession however cowardly, can possibly remove it; for the American demand is that we should do the one thing which transcends the power of Omnipotence, should cancel the transacted past. We might forget it, just as the Americans have forgotten that the Government which they consider so unfriendly, the statesmen whom they so hate, the people from whom they so acrimoniously demand justice, lent them millions, sent them supplies without limit, suffered 40,000 of their children to enter their army, and, finally, risked their greatest alliance in Europe in order to save the Union. In the very crisis of the struggle they prevented the march of a hundred thousand French soldiers through Texas to the assistance of the South. We may forget as they have done, but how it is possible to repair a state of feeling save as we are doing, by admitting on every possible

occasion that the Great Republic, so far from a failure, is the most formidable power in the world, so great that its alliance or its enmity matters more to us than that of all Europe put together? Even "A Yankee" sees the impossibility of his own demand, and doubts if apology would remove the sore, and like Mr. Sumner, and the *Tribune*, and the American Government, says, 'Let us wait,' when the impossible will be performed. In other words, when England is hard pressed, then let us demand immediate reparation of the wrong we suffered in being disliked by the English aristocracy!

One of the strangest things about the whole of this controversy is the incessantly expressed idea that waiting with the dispute unsettled will do no harm. Is it no harm to paralyze the influence of the two freest countries in the world by keeping up the impression that civil war is always latent in their midst? that if either were attacked by any power the other would be immediately at her throat? to cripple the progress of Canada, to keep up civil war in Ireland, to increase American taxation by upwards of sixty millions of dollars, twelve millions sterling a year? That is the sum the Union is now paying for the delight of thinking that it will pay off England some day for contumelious newspaper articles. Taking the price of English and American Consols to be equal, American is paying just twice as much for her debt as we are, and the main reason is the belief that she will whenever convenient plunge into a war which, whatever its result, must render the payment of interest all but impossible. What sense or manliness is there in a policy like this, or what reparation? It is a policy, as it seems to us, of silent war, leading to pure loss, a policy which terminates nothing, which amends nothing, which can but deepen mutual hostility, and must to all human seeming end in war at last, war which, let it result as it will, can in no degree affect the alleged cause of war, namely, that the English aristocracy were insolent to the North during the civil struggle. If all the English Dukes appeared in chains at the bar of the Senate to beg peace, that would not affect the past transaction, would leave it still true that a section of English society was hostile to the North, still the fact that the recognition of belligerency was prompted by the few influential Northerners in England in the interest of the North, to enable Washington to seize blockade-runners without an instant declaration of war.

The most moderate utterance yet delivered on the Alabama claims is a paper in

the April number of the *North American Review*, by Mr. Henry Brooks Adams, son of the late Minister to St. James's. Speaking evidently his father's ideas, Mr. Adams declares that the Stanley-Johnson treaty was, as we pointed out at the time, a triumph of American, and not of English diplomacy, such a triumph that had Lord Palmerston foreseen it he would have accepted Napoleon's invitation in 1862; that it conceded everything America had a right to demand, and that its acceptance was the more to be desired because it was signed by a Ministry full of the friends of the North, and really elected as much as any American government by the democracy. And then he adds this very noteworthy paragraph:—

"Now let us for a moment suppose a foreign minister in Washington meditating upon this problem: 'What object has the United States Government in refusing arbitration on the Alabama claims?' He would dismiss at once the idea that this action was due to a mere passing ebullition of spite against the late Cabinet. The determination to reject is not restricted to the opponents of Mr. Seward. He might perhaps ask himself for a moment, whether it were not due to a wish to conciliate President Grant; but why should General Grant himself desire to hamper his whole Administration by so serious a complication? The mere gratification of a long-nursed wrath against England might explain the action of some of the Senators, but not of all. We regret to add, that the diplomatist would not entertain the idea that the Senate was influenced by any virtuous devotion to the improvement of international law; for he would feel confident, and with reason, that, if England offered to cede Canada to the United States, on condition of being relieved of these claims, the Senate would immediately assent, without giving a second thought to international law or establishing any new principle whatever. In fact, the more he considered and reconsidered all other motives for an absolute rejection of the treaty, the more confident would his conclusion be, that the idea of territorial aggrandizement lay at the bottom of Senators' minds,—or, in other words, that these claims were to be reserved and used to lead or force England into a cession of territory."

That corresponds almost in words with our own article of last week, published before we had seen the *Review*, and contains, we believe, the key to the entire situation. The justifiable bitterness of the American people at the presumed failure of our Government to arrest the Alabama, a failure for which, if it is established before arbitrators, we are prepared to pay, is designedly heightened and exasperated in order that it may be used to work out suddenly the end which is, Mr. Adams avows, the true end

of all the foreign policy of the Union, the retirement of Great Britain from the North American continent. That end is a perfectly justifiable one if peacefully pursued, with full regard not only to the rights of nations, but to the wishes of the Canadian people; but to make of American claims an instrument for accelerating it, to involve the world in war in order that the dominion of the Union may be stretched over four millions of unwilling subjects, what is this but the old policy of Kings and Emperors, which the Republic professes to hold in such abhorrence, and which, we venture to predict, will sooner or later endanger the sta-

bility of American institutions? How far such a policy may, as Mr. Adams believes, be latent in the minds of those who reign at Washington, we cannot pretend to decide; but on these two points at least every Englishman has finally made up his mind. If the people of the Dominion wish to quit the Empire, and will say so constitutionally, Great Britain will release them from their allegiance without a sigh or a demur. But under no circumstances short of utter exhaustion, of total inability to keep up even the semblance of dignity, will Great Britain surrender the Dominion to any people but its own.

MISS CUBA AND HER OFFERS.—President Grant (not the P. R. A.) is asked to recognize the Republic of Cuba. Of course it will be asked, with excessive wit, "what's He-Cuba to him or He to Cuba?" But when the laughter shall have in some degree abated, *Mr. Punch* may remark, through the appropriate smoke of his mild Havannah, that if he were a Cuban, he should gesticulate in a most remarkable manner for such recognition. For those who don't know anything about the matter are therefore probably unaware that the unfortunate Queen of the Antilles has been used worse than *BOADICEA*, or any other unfortunate female sovereign. She has been kept in vassalage by Spain simply that any general, or other court favourite whom it was desired to enrich, might go out to Cuba and make his fortune, no matter how. He soon came home, wealthy with Cuban plunder. Now, of course, the new Spanish Government intends to patronize every virtue that lived with *BISHOP BERKELEY*. But a Republic in the hand is worth two Constitutions in the bush. We have no burning desire to see Cuba annexed to the dominions of *KING ULYSSES*, but we are not altogether astonished at her emulating *Mrs. ARTEMUS WARD's* courtship, and saying, with an indescribable look at the American lover, "If you mean gittin hitched, I'm on."

Punch, 1 May.

A NEW MINERAL PAINT.—Much interest has been excited in the United States by the discovery of a mineral which is said to possess the most valuable qualities of white lead, while superior in many respects to the manufactured article. The mine, remarks the *Builder*, in which it has been found is situated in North Carolina, and has been worked for many years as a silver and lead mine. The vein, however, presents an unprecedented variety and association of minerals. Lead, silver, zinc, copper,

gold, iron, and manganese are found in the workings, which are continually varying in character. The ore usually averages about 30 per cent. of lead. The powder manufactured from the ore, when mixed with oil, it is said, forms the most durable paint known, and a yacht upon which it has been tried has been sailing for the past summer without copping of any kind. The works for manufacturing this powder into white lead are situate at Bergen Point, New Jersey. There is something not clear, however, in what is said as to the nature of the paint: it is said to stand a fierce heat without change.

Public Opinion.

SPIRITS FROM BEETROOT.—We (*Chamber of Agriculture Journal*) are informed that where beetsugar-making is profitable, beetroot spirit-making is even more profitable; and that on soils and in climates where the quantity of saccharine matter yielded by the roots is too small to be worth extracting, distillation of alcohol may nevertheless be a money-making business. And in proof of this assertion, the fact is pointed out that large numbers of beetroot sugar-works in Prussia, Austria, and France have been lately converted into distilleries. We are quite aware that spirit-making from the beetroot has been tried in this country, and failed. But so has sugar-making; and the very authorities who formerly satisfied themselves that the business could not pay are now warmly congratulating the British public upon the advent of this new help to the farmer and hope to the underpaid agricultural labourer. This is because inventors will keep on improving upon processes and apparatus. And for just the same reason, the failure of beet distillation years ago ceases to tell against the profitability of that branch of industry at the present moment.

Public Opinion.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
THE JACOBITE LADIES OF MURRAYSHALL.

SOME years since there lived, in an old Scottish farmhouse, three maiden ladies—Miss Marion, Miss Jenny, and Miss Lily W—. Their father, a staunch Jacobite, had been a lawyer in Edinburgh. Upon his death they had found a home in the house of their brother, whose political opinions also favoured the Stuart cause. In their brighter days the family possessed a comfortable little estate—the Sands—on the banks of the Forth; but, after the troubles of “the ’45,” Mr. W— the younger had been obliged to retire with his excellent wife and large family of sons and daughters to Murrayshall farm, and had accepted the post of *factor* or land-steward to his relation, the Laird of P—, from whom he rented the farm on a long lease. In time, certain of his daughters married, while his sons pushed their fortunes in different ways—in trade, medicine, and in other honourable callings; the church, the army, the navy, the law, being closed professions to them, since they could not conscientiously take the oath of allegiance to the House of Hanover.

Mr. W—’s income was very small when he settled at Murrayshall—so small that people in our luxurious days would regard his condition as one of real poverty. But although there was much self-denial, there was certainly no want in that picturesque farmhouse. Mr. W— reared his family creditably, gave a home to his maiden sisters, and supplied shelter and hospitality to many another friend and relative.

Years went past. Miss Marion and her two sisters were at length left alone at Murrayshall with their old aunt Katharine, who was bedridden. The three sisters alternately sat up with the invalid each night, and amused their hours of watching by writing novels: productions which have remained unpublished, however. Miss Jenny’s novel—*The Earl of Tankerville*—a sentimental romance of the old school, was generally regarded as the best of the sisters’ stories. Every night poor Mrs. Katharine enjoyed her glass of whisky toddy—there was no sherry or port-wine negus for invalids of limited means in those days—and then the youthful nephews and nieces, some of whom were staying at Murrayshall, were admitted to her chamber to say good-night and to receive their grand-aunt’s blessing. Much some of them wondered when she rehearsed her nightly list of toasts—the healths respectively of all at home, of such members of the family as were in foreign parts, and,

last, not least, of *him*—“Over the water.” Aunt Katharine died—the children grew up, married, and settled—their children again gathered round the home-hearth of Murrayshall, and listened with eager faces and loving hearts to the old-world stories of their good grand-aunts, Miss Marion, Miss Jenny, and Miss Lily.

It was a home to love and remember, with its quaint nooks and corners, where, among other strange relics of a bygone age, childish eyes looked with wonder on hoops and high-heeled shoes; with its easter and wester garrets and wide ghost-like attic lobby, where dark mahogany double chests of drawers with elaborate brass handles found ample space; its sitting-room, so thoroughly comfortable, yet so simple, with treasures of rare books and old pictures; its best bedroom, whose chief ornament was the back of an old chair hung against the wall—a sacred chair, for had not Prince Charles Edward sat in it?—its stone-floored *laigh* (low) room—once the lady’s chamber, where more than one Laird of P— first saw the light,—it was the only gloomy room in the house, and was afterwards abandoned to the servants,—and its garden, with broad grassy walks, gnarled apple and pear trees, fragrant damask and York and Lancaster roses, beds of homely vegetables bordered by bright old-fashioned flowers, and walls clustered over with the white Prince Charlie rose, honeysuckle, and spreading currant-bushes.

In the morning, it was pleasant to hear the clamour of the jackdaws which built among the ivy-covered crags close by; while house and sheep dogs barked in chorus, and the geese, as they ran with expanded wings from the farmyard down to the willow-bordered pond under the shadow of the rock, sent forth their jubilant cries, all multiplied and echoed back in a strange ringing clang.

Pleasant was it, too, in the evening when the daws, with their resounding though monotonous “caw-caw,” came home to their sheltered nests; the sleek kine from the clover pastures, and the patient plough-horses from their toil in the furrowed fields. Then, as darkness came on, how brightly shone out the stars watched for as familiar friends by many an inmate of that lonely house, who could point out Arcturus and his sons to wondering little ones, or teach them where to look for the sword and the belt of great Orion.

There was always “rough plenty,” with a hearty welcome, at Murrayshall. • No fancy dairy, but a plain *milk-house*, where large *boucens* (round flat ironed wooden ba-

sins) threw up the richest cream, and stores of cheeses lined the shelves. The butter was the yellowest, the eggs the largest in the country-side; both fetched good prices at the market-town of Stirling.

Orphan and invalid youthful relatives alike found a home and tender care at Murrayshall. The sad-hearted became cheery, the sickly became strong. Old friends—maiden ladies and widows, with or without a pittance,—were honoured guests at the primitive farmhouse. The Episcopalian clergy and their families were very welcome there; and welcome too were those of other denominations. The poor were cared for, no matter what their creed; the sick were nursed; the troubled in heart or spirit were helped and comforted. The most stiff-necked Cameronian could hardly look grim, though the Murrayshall ladies, in antique silk-gowns, short ruffled sleeves and long black mittens, drove past him on Palm Sunday, on their way to "the Chapel," with a bit of palm-willow in their hands. Had not Miss Jenny taken calf's-foot jelly and muton-broth to his sick child only a few weeks before? And had not Miss Marion knitted a warm woollen cravat for the invalid boy with her own hands?

There were great gatherings in that old house at Christmas time: friends and relatives, long parted, met again at board and hearth. There was also a feast in the kitchen, not only for the servants of the house, but for the cottagers and humble neighbours of the district. There was no stint of roast-meat, shortbread, and Scotch bun, and the lowlier guests were not permitted to return to their homes empty-handed. Certain of the more privileged housewives were taken upstairs to see "the ladies," who thoroughly interested themselves in promoting the happiness of all. Above-stairs there were games, music, and cheery talk among the young folks, while the old people enjoyed many rubbers of whist.

Miss Marion, with her shrewd common sense and kindly disposition, was the mainstay of the house. She was lame, unfortunately, and so remained much at home, spinning, plying her needle, and writing letters. Miss Jenny had been, it was said, a great beauty in her youth, and, indeed, was beautiful in her old age. She possessed literary tastes, and superintended the education of the many young people who were frequently gathered under the roof-tree of Murrayshall. Miss Lily was the housekeeper of the establishment, and famous for her preserves and currant-wine. The servants were quite fixtures; they were regarded as a part of the

family, and shared ever both its joys and sorrows.

Miss Marion died at a great age in 1821.

Miss Jenny, though much her junior, followed her sister to the grave, in the great snow-storm of February, 1823.

Miss Lily was then left alone with two elderly nieces, Miss Phemie and Miss Mary, who took charge of the household when their aunt became incapacitated by age and infirmity. But she was only old in years, not in heart. Those who frequented Murrayshall cannot readily forget the good old lady in her simple cap, her homely gown crossed in front over the clear white muslin kerchief, and a small Indian shawl thrown over her shoulders. In winter her chair was drawn close to the fire; in summer her place was at a sunny window where the bees hummed among the honeysuckle and the birds cheered her with their song. Her knitting-basket and snuff-box lay beside her Bible on the broad window-ledge. She worked wonderfully for so old a woman. In her youth she had elaborately embroidered mere than one gown, by always taking advantage of the odd ten minutes which so many of us let slip past, because they are only ten minutes.

Kind, simple, and charitable as were the ladies of Murrayshall, party spirit, though not affecting their intercourse with their poorer neighbours, most certainly influenced their relations with the magnates of the county. Far closer was the intimacy kept up with Episcopalian and Jacobite families than those who, besides being Presbyterians, had been staunch in their adherence to the Hanoverian Succession. When visited by any of the latter class, more state and ceremony were observable in the bearing of the good ladies. The conversation was more guarded on both sides in the courteous anxiety of each party not to offend the other's prejudices.

Many a well-appointed equipage slowly ascended the steep richly wooded by-road dignified by the name of avenue, and drew up in the yard or court at the low massive door, the chief entrance to the house.

The Laird of C—, who had fought when a boy at Minden, returned to Scotland in 1827, a grand-looking old man of eighty, after a strange chequered life spent more on the Continent than in his native country. He deemed it right to call and pay his respects at Murrayshall, and was duly ushered into the quaint parlour, delicately scented with roses, which in summer filled every flower-vase in the room, while through the open casement came the odour of mig-

nonette from the boxes on the window-sills. As Miss Lily, then over ninety but in the full possession of her faculties, rose to meet him, he stepped forward with the alacrity of eighteen and all the grace of *la vieille cour*, and astounded the sedate old dame by saluting her in the French fashion with a gentle kiss on each cheek. She bore the greeting, however, with more apparent equanimity than did her niece, Miss Phemie, who was scandalized and indignant that the head of a strict Presbyterian family, faithful to the reigning dynasty, and himself, it might be, a disciple of Voltaire, should have presumed to take so great a liberty. She could scarcely conceal her displeasure till the fascinating manner and conversation of the stately old laird riveted all her attention, and even called forth her reluctant admiration. An excellent woman in many ways, Miss Phemie was, perhaps, somewhat wanting in suavity, and apt to be a little bitter at times.

In a lonely spot not far from Murrayshall, and on the same estate, there had once stood a very small old Episcopalian chapel; but when half in ruins, it had been pulled down by the Laird of P—. Some of the stones were even taken to build a wall or cottage. To this, in Miss Phemie's eyes, most sacrilegious act, was it owing, as a judgment from Heaven, that the eldest son of the man by whose orders the consecrated building had been removed, was left childless, and the broad lands of P— were destined to pass to the younger branch of the family; while the humbler folks who had made no use of the sacred stones never, according to Miss Phemie, thrived afterwards. Assuredly, were she now living, the impetuous lady would regard the recent humiliation of the Kingdom of Hanover as a striking judgment on its royal race for the Elector's old usurpation of the Stuart throne.

Near where the old chapel had stood was a humble farmhouse, the tenant of which once invited the ladies of Murrayshall, and the young people residing with them, to drink tea. Among the young people were some English nieces, who, under the protection of their mother, a clever, strict, and somewhat formal matron, accompanied their Scotch cousins to the rural merry-making. After a ceremonious meal, at which ample justice was done to the fresh-baked *cookies* and well-buttered flour scones which graced the board, a certain stiffness which had hitherto prevailed, wore off—the sound of a violin was heard, and the young folks were invited to dance. As they flew with spirit through the intricate Scotch reel, the host, seeing the Southern lady sitting alone, look-

ing less severe and unbending as she watched the pleased faces around her, suddenly walked up to her and offered himself as a partner for the next dance. On her civil but very decided refusal, he said, solemnly, "I beg your pardon, mem, for maybe, ye dinna approve o' promiscuous dancing among the sexes."

Of a winter's evening, when the family were gathered round the fire, whose cheery crackle, with the ticking of the clock and *soughing* of the wind, were the only sounds heard, one of the Murrayshall ladies in a low clear voice would relate to a youthful audience some of her Jacobite reminiscences. The mother of the sisters was a Haldane—a scion of the Lanrick family, so long devoted to the House of Stuart. After the '45, when the Duke of Cumberland quartered a body of his soldiers at Lanrick, the ladies of the family were restricted to certain rooms, while in the corridor without a sentinel kept guard. It was a period of grave danger and trouble—the fugitive Lanrick gentlemen were in hiding in the neighbourhood. One day Miss Janet Haldane, the laird's sister, went to walk in the grounds with some of her young people, leaving her little niece Cissy in the house. As Miss Janet on her return passed the soldier in the corridor, he said to her in a low voice, without changing a muscle of his countenance or seeming to address her, "Do not let that child be left alone again. Had she shown another what she has shown to me, it would have brought you into trouble."

On questioning the little child, she told her aunt with great glee how she had asked the soldier to go into their bedroom that she might show him their store-cupboard. Then, lifting up the valance of the oaken bedstead, she called his attention to a number of cheeses which were stowed there—provender that was to be conveyed gradually at night by trusty hands to the men of the family in their place of concealment.

A brother of the three sisters, at that time a little boy, made friends with the Duke's officer who was in charge of Lanrick. William W— had a handsome silver fork and spoon which had been given him by his godfather. He showed it with childish pride to Captain—, who admired it so much that, spite of the boy's indignant grief, he appropriated it, thinking himself, no doubt, quite entitled to Jacobite spoils. Years after, when William W— was a merchant in London, he overheard an old red-faced military man talking pompously, at a large dinner-party, of the Scotch campaign, and mentioning the fork and spoon episode as having heard it from another per-

son, who evidently considered the whole affair as a good joke. William W—— got up, crossed over to the officer, and presenting his card, said quietly — “You are the man, sir, and I am the boy.”

It was dark and late one night when the Lanrick and Annet men met in conclave at the neighbouring manor-house of Annet. Suddenly they were disturbed. There was loud knocking at the door. A troop of soldiers occupied the court-yard, and an English officer demanded entrance in King George's name.

The Jacobites had little time for thought. Escape at the moment seemed impossible. The lights were extinguished, however, and the conspirators quietly ensconced themselves behind a row of long greatcoats and cloaks hanging from pegs in a deep recess caused by the turn of the staircase. Miss Peggy Stuart, the elder daughter of the house, told her sister Annie to keep quiet in the parlour upstairs and not to stir on any account, whatever happened. Peggy, waving back the servants, then opened the door herself, and informing the officer there were only “lone women” at home, begged he would leave his men outside and come and search the house himself. Major —— courteously granted her request, apologizing for intruding at such an untimely hour. Peggy led him upstairs, telling him the steps were worn and bad, and begging him to be careful how he advanced. At the turn of the staircase she redoubled her attention, holding the candle very low, so that the steps might be more distinctly seen. The cloaks, the greatcoats, and the hidden men were left behind, the officer again apologizing for the trouble he gave. After ascending a few more steps, Peggy stumbled, gave a loud shriek, the candlestick

fell from her hand, and they were left in utter darkness. “Bring a light, Annie — for heaven's sake bring a light!” And Peggy groaned as if in agony. “Why don't you bring a light, Annie?” she exclaimed again. And then explaining to Major —— that her sister was very deaf, she directed him to the parlour on the upper landing, whence he soon emerged followed by Annie with a lamp in her hand. The officer and Annie assisted Peggy to the parlour sofa, where she bitterly bemoaned her sprained ankle, and acted an effective little fainting scene. After due attention and condolence, the Major, conducted by Annie, made diligent but fruitless search all over the house. By this time, indeed, the Jacobite gentleman had fully availed themselves of Miss Peggy's diversion in their favour, and had escaped by a back window. Quickly they put the wild muir and the Tod's glen between them and the house of Annet.

Miss Lily was in her ninety-third year when she was taken away in March, 1829. After her death there was a great sale of the antique furniture and household treasures of Murrayshall.

The cattle and poultry went to other owners. The farm was re-let — strange footsteps passed up and down the old staircase, strange voices echoed through the rooms. Poor people and little children looked wistfully up at the small-paned windows. Old friends turned away sorrowfully from the deserted house. The craggy furze-clad rock and the Scotch fir-trees seem to cast a deeper shadow on the old house since that dreary morning, long years ago, when the last of the Jacobite ladies was carried forth to her resting-place in the churchyard of St. Ninian.

SELF-ACTING PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS. — An invention new to English operators is described in a recent number of the *Illustrated Photographer*. It is called the “Ophthalmos,” and is in reality a camera provided with mechanical contrivances for automatically uncovering and covering the lens and exposing the plate. It is sent up attached to a small balloon without an operator, and at any required height takes a picture of the surface of the earth beneath it, with all the bearings of the compass accurately marked. It has often occurred to the writer of this that a time might come when a system of self-recording photography (microscopic per-

haps) might “take note” of the progress of events, such as a battle, or of a spectacle of any kind, such as an eclipse, in a series of successive photographs at brief intervals, showing its whole progress from beginning to end; or the whole series of events in a banking-house, with portraits of every one who entered, and of all their movements, — or in a ceremonial such as a coronation, a marriage, &c. But when this idea shall have been realized, we suppose we must not dare to say that we suggested it. The same satyric grin which *now* meets the suggestion, would *then* meet our claim to it!

Public Opinion.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE ETRUSCANS, THE ENGLISH OF ANTIQUITY.

Of all the old peoples of Italy that have made a mark in history, leaving an impress on modern civilization, none interest more than the Etruscans. They have left a written language which no one can read; stupendous public works which time fails to destroy; and a rich and suggestive art, frail often in material, but exquisite in workmanship, which the grave has preserved during a silence of nearly thirty centuries. Everywhere their cities crowned the most picturesque and impregnable mountain sites, rejoicing in varied views, pure air, and excessive climbing, as greatly as modern towns delight in the easy access, heavy atmosphere, and cramped scenery of the lowlands.

Their inhabitants were a strong-limbed, broad-headed, industrious race, given to road-building, sewer-making, canal-digging, and nature-taming generally. They were religious too, commercial, manufacturing; keen of business, of course luxurious, not wholly unmindful of beauty; but preferring the strength and comfort that comes of a practical view of things: a people in the end whose hard-earned riches and long-tested mechanical science failed to save their political being when imperilled by an ambitious, war-like neighbour. Still, though subdued in the field, their arts and civil polity conquered the conquerors. For centuries they ruled the seas, and were the great wave-lords of antiquity. English in their maritime skill and force, they were like the English in many other habits and points of character, especially in their fondness for horse-racing and pugilistic encounters. Their origin is lost in the remotest antiquity of the East. Nevertheless, their earliest civilization comes to us indubitably filtered through Egyptian and Assyrian sources. What we dig up of their primitive work has a decided look of the Nile—that prolific mother of antique arts and ideas. Many of their paintings and sculptures bear also a strong likeness to those of Nineveh.

Independently of other inducements, it is worth while to make the tour of the ancient cities of Etruria on account of the loveliness of their situations and the varied beauty of the landscape encircling them. Take, for instance, Volterra, set on high, overlooking the Mediterranean, the fertile Pisan territory, and a Plutonic tract of country at its feet, split and warped into savage fury of chasm and nakedness by internal fires. Its situation marks it finally

for a doom as tragic as that of the cities of the Plain; indeed one more dramatic,—for it will be thrown down from its towering height into a bottomless quicksand below, which is swallowing in immense mouthfuls the mountain on which it stands. Having already engulfed the Church of St. Giusti, it has reached on the north the ancient walls of the Badia, from which the monks have fled in dismay, leaving their remarkable cloisters trembling on the brink of a precipice of sand five hundred to a thousand feet deep, which leans over a treacherous abyss of hidden waters, sapping the unsolid earth above them with relentless energy. Each year the distance between the precipice and the city is growing less, yet it seems fascinated by the peril. The massive walls which have stood firmly on their foundations three thousand years may help induce a feeling of security in their ability to outlive this enemy as they have all others. But the contrast in sensations is most startling when, after following their circuit for miles in wonder at their hugeness, one comes at a single step upon this tremendous undermining of a mountain which, at an unexpected moment, is destined not merely to leave no one stone of them on another, but to bury them for ever from human sight, and with them the people who trusted to their strength for safety. It is an impressive spectacle, not only of the transitoriness of all human work, but of those agencies which are preparing the earth for new forms and species of existence. I comprehend sleeping quietly on the edge of a volcano or during a battle, for there the elements of death have in them that of the sublime, which puts the spirit on a level with the occasion; but the thought of the prolonged, helpless strangulation of a whole city irresistibly sucked into the bowels of the earth, is awful. No heroisms can avail in burial alive, and no human sacrifice can avert the destruction after Nature has sounded the signal of doom. Yet with a degree of stupidity which seems past belief, the Volterrians once refused to permit an enterprising citizen of Leghorn to save their city by draining off the encroaching waters while there was time, on condition of having for himself the land he reclaimed from devastation. Possibly they feared the loss of one of their "sights," which are food and raiment to the poor of Italian cities in general, each inhabitant consoling himself with the reflection, "after me the flood." The "sight" certainly is one not to be met in other parts. Go to see it, but do not tarry long. Orvieto is as firmly as Volterra is loosely placed, on its foundation of rock. Follow-

ing the circuit of the perpendicular precipice on which the town stands, its walls rise many hundred feet in parts, in as straight a line as if all built up of masonry. Perugia struggles in a vagabond manner along the crests of several hills or terraces, evincing a desire to get into the rich valleys below. Chiusi with a glorious outlook over two lakes, girt around with a green swell of mountains, whose olive-grounds and vineyards rise and fall until they dash their fragrance against its ugly walls, shows like a dark spot in the bountiful nature around it. The kingly virtues of Persenna are as much lost sight of in his now beggarly capital as is his famous tomb, once a wonder of the world. But what else can be in a nest of excavators whose most productive industry lies in rifling ancestral tombs and fleecing the visitor; not to speak of the dubious reputation of the place as an entrepôt for the sale of false antiquities. My landlord could not give a morsel of meat to eat that the teeth could penetrate, but he had to offer his museum of Etruscan antiquities for the modest sum of fifty thousand francs. The ascent to the bedrooms was guarded by a long lugubrious line of cinerary urns, remarkable only for their archaic coarseness. Chiusi is neither clean, cheerful, nor comfortable, but it has its special attractions and much genuine art remaining, although its best museum the Casucini has been sold to the city of Palermo.

The Maremma is a vast cemetery of Etruscan cities, but disease and desolation have replaced their once vigorous commercial life. Scarcely a spadeful of earth can be turned up without disturbing the dust of their inhabitants. The same picturesque choice of sites of towns obtains here as elsewhere. Cortona is the queen of them all, though Citta-della-Pieve, garlanded with oak and chestnut forests, looks on a landscape not so diversified but in some details more exquisitely lovely.

I wish I could credit the founders of Etruscan cities with a love of the beautiful in nature in regard to the situations they selected. But I fear they had no greater liking this way than modern Italians. Sanitary considerations and personal security led them up the hills to live and to girt themselves around with solid walls. The plains were damp and unwholesome before they were drained and planted. Still in "locating" as they did, and in disposing their walls and gateways, they must have obeyed a latent instinct of beauty even in a land where nature is so bountiful that it is difficult to go amiss in laying the foundations either of a house or a town. We find

in them all a varied succession of surprising views which could scarcely be more completely pleasurable had the sites of their cities been specially chosen with this end.

In treating of Etruscan art, it is not necessary to specify its antiquarian distinctions, but only its general characteristics. The best way to get at these is to study the contents of the tombs. They were excavated and built much after the plan of the dwellings of the living, with a similar disposition of chambers or halls, corresponding to the room required for the dead, except when they took the form of mausoleums or monuments, and were made immense labyrinthian structures, whose ruins now seem more the work of man. Interiorly they were lavishly decorated with painting and sculpture in relief on the walls and ceilings. When first opened, these decorations are quite fresh and perfect. After an experience of the ghastly relics of modern sepulchres, it is with pleased astonishment one enters for the first time an Etruscan house of the dead. If it be a sepulchre hitherto undisturbed, the visitor finds himself, or he can easily so imagine, in the presence of the original proprietors. The apartments opening one into another have a look of domestic life, while the ornamentation is not confined to mythological or symbolical subjects, but is intermingled with scenes of social festivity, games, picnics, races, theatrical exhibitions and whatever they enjoyed in their everyday world; thus indicating that they fancied they were entering upon a new life corresponding in many particulars with their old. It is another form of the Indian notion of new and better hunting-grounds in the land of the Great Spirit. But the good or evil past had much to do in their minds with the reception that awaited them. Guardian genii, effigies of the avengers of wrong, protectors of the good, symbols of immortality, occult doctrines put into pictorial life, these looked on them from carved roofs and frescoed walls, which were further secured from wanton sacrilege at the hands of the living by figures of monstrous serpents and demon heads, or the snake-entwined visage of the terrible Medusa. There was so much of value to tempt the cupidity of even the heirs in the tombs of the wealthy that it was necessary to render them awful as well as sacred to the common imagination. Indeed, there is room for believing that, while in some instances deposits of jewels and other costly objects were made in compliance with the religious customs, they were afterwards covertly withdrawn by means of a secret entrance known only to the persons interested, if not of the family

itself; perhaps left expressly by conscience-hardened workmen for the sake of plunder. But, as enough has been already secured by modern excavators to stock the principal museums of Europe, it proves that the practice of burying treasures of art was in general respected among the old Etruscans, who, doubtless thinking to need them again, wished to have them within their ghostly reach.

On entering a tomb at Volterra, I was surprised to see wine and food on one of the urns in the centre. I asked the peasant-woman, — whose flickering torch cast a mysterious shadowy light over the pale figures that looked up to us out of great staring eyes, with their libation-cups or *paterae* held invitingly out, as if to be filled, — if the spirits of her ancestors still thirsted for the warm drink of their native hills. "Oh, no," she said, "we put it here to cool for ourselves." It seems one must come to Italy to learn best how to utilize the grave-chill otherwisely than as a moral refrigerator or theological bugbear.

If the tomb be anterior to the Roman fashion of burning the corpses, we often find the noble lady or great officer laid out in state on bronze biers and funeral couches, looking as in life, with their jewellery or armour on them, as prompt, to all appearance, for the pursuits of love or war as ever. Their favourite furniture, vases, bronzes, articles of toilet, and sometimes children's toys — the pet dolls and engraved primers — are placed about them ready for instant use. A few minutes' exposure to the air reduces the bodies to dust; but the records of their personal tastes and habits remain. The family scene of some of the sepulchres is made more real by rows of portrait statues in various attitudes placed on urns of sarcophagi, and arranged in order around the chamber, very much after the manner of a fashionable reception. In those days, guests more often reclined at banquets than sat upright. We see them, therefore, commonly in that position, and, if husband and wife, decorously embracing or caressing, the arm of the man thrown lovingly over the shoulder of the partner of his home. Each is draped as in life, wearing their ornaments and insignia of rank. The base, which contains the ashes or bodies, is elaborately sculptured, sometimes in full relief, with mythological or historical scenes, or symbols and events relating to the deceased persons. The oldest and most common of these cinerary urns are coarsely painted and modelled in terra-cotta; but the finer are done in marble or alabaster,

under Grecian influence, with occasional gilding.

These tombs are the libraries and museums of Etruscan history. Without them, not only would there have been important gaps in the annals of the people, and, indeed, all real knowledge of their life lost, but modern art would also have missed its most graceful and precious models and patterns in bronze, jewellery, and plastic materials in general. These offer a most needed contrast to the graceless, clumsy, meaningless, or vicious styles of ornament which prevailed after the loss of mediæval art, and before a revival of the knowledge of the pure forms of the antique Grecian taught us what beauty really is. We may estimate the extent to which the manufacture of artistic objects was carried by this people by the fact that from the small town of Volsinium, the modern Bolsena, Flavius Flaccus carried off to Rome 2,000 bronze statues. It is believed by many that the Etruscans were superior to the Greeks in the working of bronze, or anticipated them in perfecting it and the making of fictile vases. Each nation possessed a consummate art of its own, the origin of which in either was equally archaic and rude, while in time both styles in Italy became so intermingled that it requires a practised eye to discriminate between them, especially after Greek colonies settled in Southern Italy and their artists were employed throughout the peninsula.

Etruscan art proper is as thoroughly characteristic and indigenous as is the Greek; but instead of a keen sense of beauty as its animating motive, there was a love of fact. It is essentially realistic, delighting in vigour and strength, and in telling its story plainly and forcibly, rather than with grace and elegance of expression. Before it was subjected to Greek influence, it was more or less heavy and exaggerated, with an unwitting tendency to the grotesque, faulty in detail, often coarse, but always expressive, emphatic, and sincere. Ignoring the extreme principles of Greek selection, it takes more to common nature as its guide. Nevertheless, it has a lofty idealism, or, more properly speaking, creative faculty of its own, which, as we shall see in its best art, inspires its natural truth with a feeling of the sublime. This supernal mystical element, which it has always exhibited, comes of the Oriental blood of the race. Grecian art is poetry; Etruscan, eloquence. Homer inspires both; but the difference between them in rendering the same thought is very obvious.

I find an essential distinction in their ideas of death and the future life, as interpreted by their sepulchral art. Apparently the Greek was so absorbed in his 'sensuous enjoyment, or so shaken in his earlier faiths by the varied teachings of his schools of philosophy, that he formed no very precise notions of his condition after death. In its most spiritual aspect it was vague and shadowy, very beautiful and poetical in the interior sense of some of his myths, but lacking the exhortative and punitive character of the more fixed and sterner Egyptian and Etruscan dogmas. Respect for the gods, beauty, heroism, enjoyment, leaving the hereafter to expound itself, or viewing it fancifully; these were in the main the sentiments and feelings at the bottom of Greek theology. But the Etruscan was far more practical and positive, notwithstanding the large admixture of Oriental mysticism in his belief. Indeed, this positiveness may be traced back to a strong element of unquestioning faith in Asiatic ancestors, whose imaginations were extremely susceptible to the spiritual influences of unseen powers, and were also opposed to the pantheistic ideas of the more intellectual Greeks. None had it stronger than the Persians and Jews. Descending from them it rooted itself deeply in the creeds of Christendom — firmest and severest in Protestantism. As all know, whenever it has come in collision with science, religion is apt to require the latter to give way, or be denounced as heretical. In this connection it is interesting to note how far the Etruscan idea of the future coincides with Christian ethics.

The joyous reliance on his fancy which contented his neighbour evidently did not satisfy the conscience of the Etruscan. Like the more northern races, whose harshest doctrines find speech in the diabolism of Calvinistic theology, he, too, must have a positive, material hell, with suitable demons, but with the especial and noteworthy difference that his final doom was not a question of faith only, but of works. His good and evil deeds were accurately weighed by the infallible judges, and he was sentenced accordingly. Etruscan tomb-sculpture is much taken up by these solemn scenes. At the door leading to eternal torment sits an expectant fiend, and directly opposite is the entrance to the regions of happiness, guarded by a good angel. These await the decision of the fate of the soul on trial, which is attended by the good and evil genii, which were supposed to be ever present with the living. The demonism of Etruria is sterner and less mystical than the Egyptian, although not as frightful as that of mediæval

Christendom. Images of terror, however, are common, and made as ugly and repulsive as those of an opposite character are made handsome and attractive. Still Typhon, one of the angels of death, is a beauty in comparison with his more modern namesake, and even big-eared, heavy-limbed Charon, with his fatal hammer, is mild and pleasing, beside Spinello's Beelzebub. Their most successful attempts at ferocious ugliness arrive only at a grotesque exaggeration of the negro physiognomy in a form of the ordinary human shape. Serpents figure largely in these paintings, but as often in a good as a bad sense, as the symbol of eternity. The important truth that we find in them is the recognition of an immediate judgment passed on the soul after death, and the substantiality of the rewards or punishment awaiting it.

The Etruscans were eminently a domestic people of warm, social affections. Woman evidently was held in equal esteem to men. Everywhere she shares his cares and pleasures. The position of wife is one of the highest honour and influence, subordinated to no accomplished class of courtesans as in Greece, nor accompanied by the great laxity of manners that at a subsequent period defiled Rome. Indeed, Etruscan art is singularly pure and serious, except as it borrowed from foreign sources its dissolute Bacchic rites. But these were never very popular. Their artists prefer exhibiting the natural sentiments and emotions with a touching simplicity of positive treatment. A favourite subject was the death-parting of families. Husband or wife, lover or friend, embrace or shake hands tenderly, the dying with an elevated expression of resignation and hope, the survivors with a quiet grief that bespeaks a conviction of future reunion. Children weep around, or are held to the dying lips to take a last kiss; the pet dog watches sympathetically the sorrowful scene; hired mourners perform their functions, and the whole spectacle is serious and impressive. The dignified courtesy manifested by the principals in these farewells shows that no doctrinal despair poisoned their latest hour on earth, but rather that they looked upon the separation as one does a call to a necessary journey. A spirited horse for the man, or a chariot for the woman, with winged attendants, are always depicted quietly waiting outside the house until their services are needed for the journey to the new country. If death has already occurred their torches are reversed. The Greeks loved to look on death in a sensuously beautiful shape, like Endymion sleeping, or Hylas borne off by water-nymphs. They sought to disguise

to themselves its painful and dismal features. Death was regarded as a sweet slumber or a delightsome ravishment. An Etruscan shielded his senses by no such poetical expedients. He felt it was a real journey to a new life, and so represented it for good or bad on the evidence of his actual character. His artistic creations to people the world which opened itself to his dying view were not merely men deified and super-sensuous, but a distinct, supernal race with attributes corresponding to their spiritual functions. What his devils were we have seen; his genii, furies, and other celestial powers were grand in idea, often sublime in creation, and, as well as he knew to make them, beautiful; more elevated in conception and functions than those of the Grecian mythology; fit precursors of the angels and archangels of Giotto, Orgagna and Luca Signorelli. In truth mediæval art had but little to do to adjust this phase of the Etruscan to its own purpose. The infant Jupiter in the arms of his nurse as seen in the Campagna bas-reliefs is the legitimate model in motive and grouping of subsequent Madonnas and Bambinos. But the most striking of their supernal creations are the two so-called female furies which guard the portal of the principal sarcophagus of the Volunni sepulchre near Perugia.

The contents of this family vault merit attention because of their pure Etruscan character and feeling in the best time of their art, when its native strength was tempered by the Grecian sense of the beautiful. Several generations of the Volunnii are found deposited here in elegant urns, all admirable as art, but especially the two that face the visitor as he enters the principal chamber. One contains the ashes of the chief of his family, the other, the remains of a lady of the same name of high distinction. Both these monuments are remarkable for extreme simplicity, purity of style, breadth of design, and refined adaptation to their honoured purpose. The man lies in a semi-upright posture, with head upraised on a richly draped couch. He is not dead, as we moderns persist in representing our departed friends, as if we were disbelievers in the doctrine of immortality, leaving on the spectator's mind only a disagreeable impression of material dissolution; nor does he sleep, as the mediævalists in better taste and feeling represent their dead, while calmly waiting the universal resurrection; but with greater truth than either, he lives.

This characteristic vitality of the Etruscan effigies is worthy of observation in two respects. First, it displays the skill of their artist in rendering individual likeness,

—making their figures natural without diminishing aught of the solemnity of their purpose. They are the veritable persons they represent, receiving us moderns with the same polite dignity which would have distinguished them had our call been two thousand years earlier, while they were still in the flesh. Secondly, we learn from it that they believed their dead entered at once on a new life without any intermediate sleep or purgatorial probation. I interpret the Etruscan in his tomb to mean that he still regarded himself in all respects as his old identical earthly self called to a new part in life, but retaining every original characteristic and experience, and holding that future changes in him must be the result of processes of growth and development in accordance with laws analogous to those that regulated the formation of his personality on earth. Meantime he remains himself and none other at our gracious service, if I read the lesson in stone aright. It seems to me that the Pagan Etruscans recognized this vital principle of creation more decidedly, or at all events more practically, than we Christians do. They may have sensualized their faith in immortality overmuch by their funeral feasts, games, and music, or other exhibitions of their enjoyment of the good things of life, with the evident expectation of something corresponding to these pleasures and honours hereafter. But, as the moral qualities of the departed were made the test of his spiritual condition, the lesson was a salutary and hopeful one. The base of the chief monument of the Volunni is, to my apprehension, as completely a spiritualized motive in art of this sort as exists, uniting consummate simplicity of treatment to a sublimity of character, excelled only in this respect by Blake's design of Death's door, which is the highest conception in the most chaste and suggestive form that the Christian mind has yet achieved to embody its idea of eternal life. The figures do not so much express the new birth as the mysteries attending it. On each side of the door, which represents the passage from the tomb to the life beyond, sits a colossal, winged female figure, in whom the nobility of both sexes is harmoniously united, devoid of any sexual feeling proper, chastely draped, wearing sandals, a burning torch uplifted in one hand, the other slightly turned towards the door, and with an expression that seems to penetrate the secrets of eternity. I say colossal figures, though in reality they are very small, but so grand is their treatment that nothing actually colossal as to size excels the impression

they make of supernal force and functions. They are in a sitting attitude, with the feet drawn up and crossed; but the artist has succeeded in giving them a self-supporting look, and also of taking away from the spectator the feeling that they could need any material support. As they will they are in rest or motion. This is a real sublimity of art, because it diverts the mind from thought of material laws to sole cognizance of its loftiest spiritual functions. In this subtle superiority of spirit over matter, these figures, perhaps, surpass the sculptures of Michael Angelo, and in other respects are akin to his extraordinary power, devoid of the physical exaggeration which obtains in so much of his work, but which further stamps him as a genuine descendant of ancient Etruscan masters now unknown to us by name. Even with his finest symbolical statues, Night and Day, it is difficult, on first view, to get rid of an unwelcome sense of weight, size, and solidity, though this finally disappears as their full meaning and nobleness flow into the mind. The superiority of their Etruscan prototypes is manifest at once from the fact that they suggest nothing below the standard of their conception. We feel the trembling awe of the four shadowy figures, now dimly seen, issuing from the tomb with an anxious, inquiring look at the mystical guardians of the gates of Eternity. Modern learning calls them Furies. Their countenances, nevertheless, are benevolent and inviting. If we meet no more unkindly face than theirs on being ushered into the other life, it will be a desirable welcome.

The monument of a lady is less elaborate, but as finely treated in its way. A beautiful head of Medusa on a panel is the sole ornament of the base of the urn, the cornice of which, like the others, contains obituary inscriptions. A handsome matron in her prime is seated on the top in a curule chair. She is profusely draped, the right arm, however, being bare and upraised, and the hand with unconscious action lightly touching her shoulder, as she earnestly listens, and looks a little forward and downwards. One fancies her a judge; of a surety, one accustomed to be obeyed, but still just and gracious, and in every sense a lady.

Etruscan women were trusted house-keepers. They sat at the head of the table and kept the keys, except those of the wine-cellars. They had greater social freedom, and were more eligible to public posts than are their English sisters, whom they so much resembled in their domestic habits. One of the female ancestors of Mæcenas

had a military command. There is nothing unreasonable, therefore, in believing that the distinguished lady of the Volunni sepulchre once held an important office of state, — a supposition which seems the more plausible from the masculine pose of the right hand on the knee, which is authoritative in movement and indicative of firmness and decision. It does not detract at all from the feminine grace and beauty of the statue, but rather adds dignity and character to it. As an art motive, this monument is as effective and suggestive as Buonaretti's "Duke Julian," misnamed Lorenzo. The plates of these monuments in the expensive work, *Il Sepolcro dei Volunni*, edited by Count Conestabile, Perugia, 1855, though fairly correct in design, fail to do them justice in spirit.

The miniature winged genii, modelled in terra-cotta, attached to the lamp hung from the roof of the tomb, are graceful and appropriate conceptions, on a par in sentiment with Fra Angelico's guiding angels in his "Last Judgment." A spiritual, almost ecstatic element, akin to his, is sometimes to be met with in the best specimens of genuine Etruscan art. It is not to be confounded with the Grecian beautiful, for it is the result of a higher clairvoyance of the imagination into spiritual life. It seems strange at first thought that such a lofty mystic element should be found in the art of a people whose chief attributes of their supreme good or god were strength, riches, wisdom — not love; not even admitting into their triad of divine credentials, like the Greeks, beauty, but taking the same materialized and practical view of the purposes of life that the English race does under the specious term "common sense." But through their grosser understanding of things there is ever to be detected the spiritual light which discloses their Oriental origin, purged of the worst shapes of Asiatic superstition and mysticism, manifesting itself in impressive and intelligible speech after 2,000 years of silence in Pagan graves.

The greatest puzzle of Etruscan art is the extraordinary bronze found at Arezzo, but now in the Uffizi Gallery, called, in antiquarian despair of interpretation, the Chimera. It has the body of a lion, with the head of a goat growing out of its back, poisoned by the bite of a serpent that forms the tail of the compound beast, whose entire body is showing the fatal effects of the venom. If it admits of explanation, I should say the lion represented the strength and riches of the Etruscan civilization, the goat its corrupting luxury, and

the reptile the fatal sting of sin that finally cast it into the mire never to rise again among the nations.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

"THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO." *

SOME years have elapsed since Mr. Wallace returned from his travels, but the countries which he visited are so little known to Europeans, and lie so much out of the track of even the most enterprising tourists, and further they are so little subject to social changes, that what was true about them fifteen years ago is true now, and is also new to the majority of readers. Yet the Malayan Archipelago is no insignificant portion of the globe, either in respect of its size or of the number and character of its inhabitants. It extends for upwards of 4,000 miles in length from east to west, and 1,300 miles in breadth from north to south. One island of the group, Borneo, is half as large again as all the British isles put together; another, New Guinea, is still larger. Sumatra is about as large as Great Britain; Java and Ireland are of about equal dimensions, and the number of smaller islands, varying in size from that of Jamaica to that of the Isle of Wight, is almost innumerable. A great volcanic belt traverses the Archipelago in a curving line, passing through the length of Sumatra and Java—in Java alone there are forty-five volcanoes—bending to the north at the extremity of the island of Timor, and continuing to the northern extremity of the Philippine Islands. In the very centre of this curve is Borneo, quite free from volcanoes and earthquakes, and Celebes, similarly favoured, except just at its northernmost point. The great island of New Guinea is equally undisturbed by volcanic action, which, however, reappears in New Britain, to the north-east of New Guinea, and continues to the eastern limit of the Archipelago. The climate, for the most part, is moist and damp, in the west of Java rain falling nearly all the year round, and the vegetation is luxuriant, the forests extending from the mountain summits to the level of the sea. Two distinct races inhabit the Archipelago, the Malays and the Papuans. The former occupy Borneo, Sumatra, Java and other western islands; the latter are found in New Guinea and the isles

adjacent. They are strongly contrasted in appearance and manners. The Malays are of a light brown colour; the Papuans are nearly as black as negroes; the Malays are of small stature, beardless, flat-nosed, high-cheeked; the Papuans are tall, with long and prominent noses, and thick beards. The Malays are reserved and undemonstrative, men of few words, not given to altercation, punctilious in the observance of forms, and easily submitting to rule; the Papuans are highly excitable, boisterous in manner, free of speech and gesture, and impatient of all restraint. Finally, the Malays, despite the bad reputation they have acquired, treat strangers with civility and hospitality, while the Papuans, in New Guinea at any rate, massacre any chance visitor without ceremony. After all that one has heard of the treachery and bloodthirstiness of the Malays, it is not a little surprising to find that Mr. Wallace is able, after a lengthened experience, to give them a very different character. He went, almost unattended, from island to island; he lived for months among their savage inhabitants, his life in their hands and at their disposal; and he felt, on the whole, rather more secure than in the streets of London. Indeed, if we do not misinterpret his concluding reflections, he would draw a comparison between the morals of an Englishman and a Malay not very flattering to the former. From the characteristics of the Malay and Papuan races their future destinies may be augured. The Malays accept foreign domination, and thrive and multiply under it. The island of Java, favoured by every gift of nature, is also the scene of one of the greatest triumphs of colonization. The population increased between 1826 and 1850 from 5,500,000 to 9,500,000, and in 1865 amounted to more than 14,000,000, showing an increase of 50 per cent. in fifteen years. The average number of inhabitants to the square mile in 1865 was 368, or "just double that of the populous and fertile Bengal Presidency as given in Thornton's 'Gazetteer of India,' and fully one-third more than that of Great Britain and Ireland at the last census." On the other hand the Papuan race, superior physically to the Malay, seems doomed to extinction from an unwillingness to harmonize with any foreign element. The great island of New Guinea is practically closed to foreigners by the merciless and ineradicable hostility of the natives, and when the necessities of the world require its colonization, every inch of ground will be contested and defended to the uttermost. The Malay, content to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, may survive; but

* "The Malay Archipelago: the Land of the Orang-Utan, and the Bird of Paradise. A Narrative of Travel, with Studies of Men and Nature." By Alfred Russel Wallace. (London: Macmillan and Co. 1869.)

the warlike Papuan, "who will not submit to national slavery or to domestic servitude, must disappear before the white man as surely as do the wolf and the tiger."

But we must not forget that ethnology was not the main object of Mr. Wallace's travels. The Malay Archipelago is not only comparatively new ground to a traveller, but is also an extraordinary field for the naturalist, more especially for the entomologist. Mr. Wallace is an enthusiastic entomologist—without enthusiasm no one would bring himself to handle insects of grotesque and repulsive appearance, and of unpleasant powers of biting and stinging. But when a man can sincerely congratulate himself on the discovery of a "superb bug" in his sleeping apartment, his enthusiasm can no longer be called in question. And as is often the case when people have no fear, every creeping thing seemed to know and respect Mr. Wallace. Enormous spiders, with great hairy bodies, lurked in the folds of his bed curtains and stared at him; centipedes sheltered themselves under his pillow; millipedes, more attentive still, would get into his hair; playful scorpions, with tails lifted up on high, used to pop out of his boxes and from under his boards, and gambol round him like a body guard; yet after living twelve years in the tropics, he was never once bitten or stung. Only the irrepressible ants gave him moments of trouble and annoyance. Out of six kinds of ants of unwearied industry and insatiable appetite five will devour everything not isolated by water, and the sixth can swim. As soon as Mr. Wallace arrived at a house his friends the ants arrived also. At Dorey, in New Guinea, they visited him in large numbers, built a nest over his head, and constructed numerous tunnels down every post in order to facilitate more intimate communications. They carried off the insects he was preparing from under his nose, they tore them off the cards on which he had gummed them, and devoured them, insects first and cards afterwards. They swarmed over his hands and face and his body, and when he put up his work and went to bed they went to bed with him. Yet, says Mr. Wallace, placidly, these were by no means a voracious kind of ants. They were rather ascetic in their nature: but then, good heavens! what must a really voracious ant be? Some idea of the multiplicity of insect life in these regions may be gathered from the fact that in one order alone, the Longicorn beetles, Mr. Wallace collected specimens of a thousand species, of which nine hundred were previously undescribed, and new to European cabinets. On a space

of cleared forest in Borneo covering only a single square mile, he collected in a few months 2,000 distinct kinds of beetles, and on twenty-six consecutive nights he caught 1,386 moths, about two-thirds of which were distinct species. Butterflies also abounded, but the more brilliant kinds were not everyday prizes, and so great was Mr. Wallace's excitement on first securing a specimen of the ornithoptera or birdwinged butterfly, whose gorgeous colouring of velvety black and fiery orange is of unique beauty, that on taking it out of his net and opening its glorious wings, his heart began to beat violently, the blood rushed to his head, and, he says, "I felt much more like fainting than I have done when in apprehension of sudden death." And similar sensations affected him at a later period of his travels, on capturing a specimen of the "ornithoptera poseidon," with wings seven inches across, of glossy black and brilliant green, a golden body, and a crimson breast.

The title-page reminds us that Mr. Wallace gives special prominence to his experiences with the orang utan and the bird of paradise. The great man-like ape (*Simia Satyrus*) is found only in certain districts of Borneo and Sumatra. It is an animal of prodigious strength, but perfectly harmless except when attacked. It lives almost entirely on fruits, and does not avoid the presence of man. It was desirable, perhaps, to secure a few specimens, otherwise Mr. Wallace, whose instincts are scientific rather than sportsmanlike, would have been glad to have been saved from inflicting unnecessary torture on so inoffensive an animal. The mias, as the natives call the orang utan is exceedingly tenacious of life, and Mr. Wallace is evidently not a first-class shot; consequently we read, with no satisfaction but rather with disgust, of one which remained alive and struggled to retain his position on a sheltered branch after both legs were broken, one hip joint and the root of the spine were completely shattered, and two bullets were flattened in his neck and jaws; and of another which "began climbing a tree with considerable facility, after a bullet had entered the lower part of the abdomen and completely traversed the body, fracturing the first cervical vertebra," and remaining flattened in his tongue. We are glad to get over these scenes of bungling butchery, and come to Mr. Wallace's humane attempt to educate a young mias. This little thing lived for three months in his possession, and appears to have required much the same attentions as an infant. When handled or nursed it would be quiet, but when laid down by itself it would begin

to cry like a child. Mr. Wallace made a cradle for it, and washed it morning and night, and dried it with a towel, and combed and brushed its hair, all these operations giving it exceeding pleasure. He likewise fed it with a spoon, and if the food was not quite to its liking it would get into a tremendous passion; but if it was approved of, it would lick its lips and exhibit its satisfaction by the most singular grimaces. "When left dirty, or hungry, or otherwise neglected it would scream violently till attended to. If no one was in the house, or its cries were not attended to, it would be quiet after a little while, but the moment it heard a foot-step would begin again harder than ever." Want of its natural food and the unaccustomed confinement soon caused the little creature to pine away, and thus Mr. Wallace was prevented from completing its education. Of the eighteen species of birds of paradise at present described, one of which was discovered by Mr. Wallace himself, fourteen are known to inhabit New Guinea, and only a few of these have been seen alive by Europeans. The skins are prepared by the natives in the interior and sent to the coast, but at present it is impossible to penetrate into the regions which these exquisite birds inhabit. Five separate voyages did Mr. Wallace undertake, each occupying the greater part of a year in its execution, in search of birds of paradise; yet in all that time he was only able to obtain specimens of five out of the fourteen species belonging to the New Guinea district. Readers have only to look at his glowing accounts to understand his ardent desire to obtain specimens of these wonderful birds, "whose exquisite beauty of form and colour and strange developments of plumage are calculated to excite the wonder and admiration of the most civilized and the most intellectual of mankind, and to furnish inexhaustible materials for study to the naturalist and for speculation to the philosopher." But one can scarcely help smiling at Mr. Wallace's plaintive regrets that such lovely creatures should live and die in dark gloomy forests, unknown and unseen, "with no intelligent eye to gaze upon their loveliness; to all appearance a wanton waste of beauty." If the bird of paradise could understand the bearings of the case he might take a different view of the question. If he could know that after the intelligent eye had gazed on his loveliness sufficiently, the intelligent hand would be forthwith raised to take his life, and that the penalty for being too beautiful would be certain death, he would probably prefer to remain in his pres-

ent obscurity, and live out the length of days allotted to him by nature.

But, apart from the birds of paradise, Mr. Wallace's journeys must have been successful enough to satisfy his most sanguine expectations. Nor does he appear to have experienced much hardship or privation. Almost everywhere he went he was well received, and he cruised about from island to island, sometimes in a native prau, with an immunity from danger remarkable in those pirate-haunted waters. Occasionally he got a lift in a Dutch steamer, and if the dietary scale is as liberal on all of them as on that which conveyed him from Macassar to Banda and Amboyna, they must be desirable conveyances for tourists of large appetite. At 6 A. M. cups of tea and coffee were served. From seven to eight there was a light breakfast of tea, eggs, sardines, &c. The "et cetera" is suggestive. At ten, Madeira gin and bitters were served as a whet for the substantial eleven o'clock breakfast, which differed only from dinner in the absence of soup—a distinction, in fact, without a difference. At three P. M. more tea and coffee; at five, bitters, "et cetera;" at half-past six, a good dinner with beer and claret; at eight more tea and coffee. "Between whiles beer and soda-water are supplied when called for, so there is no lack of little gastronomical excitements to while away the tedium of a sea voyage." Mr. Wallace is accurate in his remark that these arrangements "are somewhat different from those on board English steamers." Moreover the Dutch seem to have communicated to the native populations under their control a knowledge of the truth that if a man does not eat neither can he work. Mr. Wallace was entertained in Celebes by a native chief whose father wore nothing but a strip of bark, and lived in a hut raised on poles and decorated with human heads. "The dinner was excellent. Fowls cooked in various ways; wild pig roasted, stewed, and fried; a fricassee of bats; potatoes, rice, and other vegetables; all served on good china, with finger glasses and fine napkins, and abundance of good claret and beer, seemed to me rather curious at the table of a native chief on the mountains of Celebes." But, in truth, throughout his wanderings, Mr. Wallace seems to have had something more than average good luck, and, as far as we can judge, he deserved it by exhibiting a regard for the prejudices and peculiarities of those among whom he sojourned that won their confidence and their co-operation. He has compressed into two moderately

sized volumes the record of the events and discoveries of twelve years, and we can truly say that there is not a word wasted. Indeed, if anything, there is too little description of scenery; and, considering that the Malayan islands have not yet been "done" by professional bookmakers, we would have welcomed more extended details on this head. It is, of course, the duty of a reviewer to find fault somewhere, so we will complain of Mr. Wallace's dislike to the useful and unoffending comma, and will assure him that the eye is distressed with such sentences as that about the "strength lightness smoothness straightness roundness and hollowness" of the bamboo. But in exchange we will thank him for having made his most interesting and most valuable volumes additionally useful to readers by the insertion of those often-omitted items, good maps and good indices.

From The Saturday Review.

LORD STANLEY AND THE GLASGOW STUDENTS.

It would be hard to conceive two human compositions more utterly opposite to each other in every possible way than Lord Stanley's Rectorial Address at Glasgow and Mr. Froude's Rectorial Address at Saint Andrew's. Mr. Froude went to Saint Andrew's to flatter his hearers, to revile institutions which he wilfully misunderstood, and to win a cheer for himself. Lord Stanley at Glasgow seems to have been equally successful in winning a cheer, but he won it in a more honourable way. That is to say, Lord Stanley behaved with proper self-respect and with proper respect to his hearers; Mr. Froude broke down in both ways. We can believe that Mr. Froude's address was the more taking, because it is always very taking to hear oneself praised and one's rival cried down. But it is no high compliment to one's hearers to set this kind of entertainment before them. Mr. Froude appealed to the worst feelings of his temporary academical subjects at Saint Andrew's. Lord Stanley appealed to the best feelings of his temporary academical subjects at Glasgow. Instead of abuse and misrepresentation of other people, Lord Stanley gave the Glasgow students sound and practical good advice for themselves. And the Glasgow students seem to have thoroughly appreciated this higher kind of diet. Nor do we think so ill of the Saint Andrew's students as to believe that they would not

have appreciated it also, if they had had the good luck to have it set before them.

The *Times* does not give us Lord Stanley's speech in full. He began, we are told, with "a graceful reference to his distinguished predecessors in the Rectorial chair." The "reference" was followed by an "allusion," which the *Times* seemingly did not look upon as "graceful"—an "allusion to the present prosperous condition of Glasgow University." This seems an odd subject for an "allusion;" one would have thought that it was the subject of all others of which a new Lord Rector would speak out plainly and openly. It would be easy to do so without in any way pandering to local vanity. But for Lord Stanley indirectly to allude to such a subject, while talking about something else, would show a remarkable indifference to the institution of which he is made for a short time the chief. It would be something like the indifference to his own life shown by the American who, when stabbed by a bowie-knife, "fell down, remarking that he was a dead man." But we do not believe that Lord Stanley made any allusion at all; we have no doubt that he spoke straightforwardly about the prosperous state of things at Glasgow, and we should greatly like to know what he said. At any rate, he went on to give the Glasgow students a series of counsels of perfection, which, if they are duly carried out, will do a great deal to make the prosperity of Glasgow University abiding. Lord Stanley is, throughout his speech, not brilliant, hardly powerful, but everywhere acute, observant, and sensible. He sends up no squibs and crackers like Mr. Froude, but all his suggestions are not only worth listening to, but worth carrying out in practice. Once only does he make the least contrast between the English and Scotch University systems, and then he makes it in a way to which no reasonable Oxford or Cambridge man can object. It is undoubtedly true that the Scotch Universities do give far greater advantages to poor students than Oxford and Cambridge. And now that the fever of reform has passed away, now that it is again lawful to hint that non-resident fellowships have a tendency to become unprofitable sinecures, it may perhaps also be lawful to hint that this difference between Oxford and Glasgow is partly owing to the conversion of the endowments which were meant to support poor students into mere prizes for those who want them. No one can blame Lord Stanley for making the comparison in the way in which he has made it. But then his way of making it is very different from

Mr. Froude's way. Mr. Froude deals with the shortcomings of his academical parents in the spirit of Ham; Lord Stanley deals with them in the spirit of Shem and Japheth. Mr. Froude is so delighted with bringing accusations that it would almost seem to be all one to him whether his accusations are true or false; he talks as if he would be sorry if Oxford and Cambridge were reformed, because then he would lose the pleasure of abusing them. Lord Stanley at once strengthens himself and comforts himself by his belief that a large amount of opinion at Oxford and Cambridge is on his side. Through the greater part of the speech which follows we shall have little to do but go through what Lord Stanley says and set our seal to each stage of it. There is something worthy of special attention, as coming from one in Lord Stanley's position, in what he says as to the duty of all men—those who have no need to work for their bread as well as those who have—to find themselves some real work, some real and useful occupation of their time, of some kind or other. On the whole we do not think that we have much to complain of in this way in our men of rank and fortune; there are doubtless good, bad, and indifferent among them, but, considering their special temptations, the number of the good seems really as great as we have any right to look for. Lord Stanley says with great truth, that there are some men who seem born mainly for action, others who seem born mainly for thought; that there is room for both classes in the world, and that each temperament is commonly the better for a certain admixture of the other. This saying is fully borne out by the long line of English statesmen who have been distinguished in other ways besides that of statesmanship. Lord Stanley speaks with equal truth of the struggle which is needed in the first instance to form habits of real work, and the force which those habits acquire when really formed, and the actual pain which unemployed time gives to the man who has formed them. He then goes on to speak of the cry of over-work, which he truly says is "bad enough," but that "it is probably a cause of less suffering in the aggregate than the consciousness of faculties unused and energies that can find no vent." No doubt there is such a thing as over-work, but no doubt also, as Lord Stanley says, there is "a good deal of prejudice and misinformation on the subject." He is probably right when he adds that cases of men crushed in youth by excessive mental strain are nine times out of ten the result of simple mismanagement. As for over-

work, one would think that no class of people were more likely to be over-worked than lawyers in great practice who are also members of Parliament. Yet certainly no class of people seem to live to so great an age, and keep their wits so unimpaired to the end as the men who have gone through this double strain on their powers.

And now we come to the part of Lord Stanley's speech which perhaps concerns us most nearly. There must be many people at other places, if not among the Glasgow students, who ought to writhe, if they are still capable of writhing, at Lord Stanley's enforcement of the absolute necessity for every purpose, whether of action or speculation, of a perfectly accurate habit of thought and expression. This, Lord Stanley truly says, is "something which is almost entirely within our own power to acquire, and which nature unassisted never yet gave to any man;" and he adds, with equal truth and perhaps with a certain bitterness, "this is, as far as I can see, one of the very rarest acquirements." How rare it is we see daily in the mass of inaccurate statements which are given to the world in speaking and writing, and in the way in which most people have come to look on accuracy of thought and expression as a matter of no consequence whatever. A man who takes care to be accurate himself is commonly called a pedant for his pains; a man who hates inaccuracy and censures it in others is not only called a pedant, but is conveniently supposed to have some sinister motive for his censure. The advocates of inaccuracy, and it is a class neither small nor without influence, will do well to ponder what Lord Stanley says about "that habit of accurate thought and expression" which it is "almost entirely within our own power to acquire." He then goes on:—

For it implies a good deal—carefulness, close attention to details, a certain power of memory, and the habit of distinguishing between things which are alike but not identical. I lay stress on this because it seems to me the characteristically distinguishing mark of good and faulty teaching, of real and unreal learning. The best thing is to know your subject thoroughly; the next to know nothing about it, and to be aware that you do know nothing; the worst is to know a little, and to know that vaguely and confusedly.

Lord Stanley then speaks of the merits and defects of competitive examinations. Whether they do really act, as he thinks, as an effectual check on the imposture of half-knowledge, we may be allowed to doubt, but nothing can be better than his

remarks on the imposture of half-knowledge itself:—

What a man can write out clearly, correctly, and briefly, without book or reference of any kind, that he undoubtedly knows, whatever else he may be ignorant of. For knowledge that falls short of that—knowledge that is vague, hazy, indistinct, uncertain—I for one profess no respect at all. And I believe that there never was a time or country where the influences of careful training were in that respect more needed. Men live in haste, write in haste—I was going to say think in haste, only that perhaps the word thinking is hardly applicable to that large number who, for the most part, purchase their daily allowance of thought ready made. You find ten times more people now than ever before who can string together words with facility, and with a general idea of their meaning, and who are ready with a theory of some kind about most matters. All that is very well as far as it goes; but it is one thing to be able to do this, and quite another to know how to use words as they should be used, or really to have thought out the subject which you discuss.

We now come to the only point on which we are inclined to have any battle with Lord Stanley, and on that point we have only half a battle. What he says on "classical training" is comforting to read after the nonsense of Mr. Froude. Lord Stanley stands up for the old classical training, not as the only possible training, but as a training which has many distinct merits of its own. Instead of sneering, like Mr. Froude, at "old Greek and Latin," he warns his readers against "the folly of treating classical study as a thing antiquated and useless." Here comes our only point of difference, or more truly the only point in which we look on Lord Stanley's argument as defective. Lord Stanley seems to have no more notion than Mr. Lowe or Mr. Froude of the real position of the Greek and Latin languages and of the Greek and Roman history. He still speaks of classical training as a distinct thing, as if Greece and Rome, and the languages of Greece and Rome, stood wholly by themselves, and had no bearing on the languages and history of any other times or nations. We have often made the remark, and we have no doubt that we shall often have to make it again, that the great discoveries of comparative philology in the nineteenth century ought to cause as great a revolution in our system of education as the revival of Greek letters caused in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The truth to be insisted on is that there can be no such thing as purely "classical training," no such thing as purely "mod-

ern training," or that, if there is, both modes of training must be utterly defective and worthless. No lover of sound knowledge will, if he can help it, talk about "the classics," any more than he will talk about "the Saxons." What people need is to understand that the study of language is one, that the study of history is one, that man, at any rate Aryan man, is essentially the same always and everywhere, that every part of his history has a bearing upon every other part. Glasgow students, and all other students, should be taught that rightly to study the history of Greece and rightly to study the history of Britain are exercises of exactly the same faculties, and that either process is imperfect without the other. They should be taught that to learn Greek and to learn German are exactly the same process, and that Greek without German or German without Greek loses half its value. People who, like Lord Stanley, allow any distinction to be drawn between "classical" and "modern" studies, are really giving up the only ground on which "classical" studies can be rightly defended. The "folly and pedantry" of which Lord Stanley complains is simply the folly and pedantry of talking as if Greeks and Romans were not really men, as if they and their languages and everything to do with them were something by itself, something which had no bearing upon human affairs. Lord Stanley does not seem to realize, any more than Mr. Lowe and Mr. Froude, that the educational evangel to be preached for some time to come must be mainly the preaching of Grimm's Law.

Another passage, if it is rightly reported, seems to show that Lord Stanley does not thoroughly take in the difference in position between primary and secondary authorities. He is made to say:—

Even those who feel most thoroughly the incomparably wider range of modern thought will seldom deny that in precision, in conciseness, in dignity of style, and in verbal felicity, the great writers of ancient times have scarcely been equalled. It is suggestive to think how, under the influence of the mercantile principle, making books to be paid for in proportion not to their merits, but to their length, and of the lifelong hurry which prevents us from studying condensation, such narratives as those of *Cæsar* and *Tacitus* would in modern hands have swelled into the dimensions of a modern historical compilation, with the certain result that they would have occupied in men's memories no more enduring place than this last.

We doubt about the accuracy of the reporting here, mainly because of the word "Compilation." "Compilation" is a fav-

ourite penny-a-liner's word, probably because penny-a-liners do not realize any form of writing except compilation. It is not at all unlikely that the reporters have substituted "compilation" for some other word used by Lord Stanley. He can hardly have meant to contrast Cæsar and Tacitus with Goldsmith and Mrs. Markham. Perhaps he said "composition," and meant to take in all modern historical writings. To give any force at all to the contrast, he must have meant to contrast Cæsar and Tacitus with modern historical writers of some real position. But Lord Stanley forgets the difference between Cæsar narrating his own exploits, or even Tacitus writing the history of a not far distant generation, and a modern historian painfully working out the history of events some centuries old by the process of sifting innumerable statements made at or soon after the time. A modern historian makes his work longer, not because he is paid according to its length—for he is not paid according to its length, sometimes he is not paid at all—but because both he himself and his readers have a keener historical sense than the contemporaries of Cæsar and Tacitus, because they feel far more strongly the necessity of producing and testing the evidence for every statement that is made. This is true even of those who write of contemporary events. Mr. Kinglake could, no doubt, make his history shorter. But he could not make it so short as Cæsar made his. For Cæsar said just what he pleased; if anybody told another story, he took no notice of it; while Mr. Kinglake has to harmonize as many different statements, and to point

out as many prevalent errors, as if he were writing of things which happened a thousand years back. This is equally true of "classical" and of mediæval authorities. As the *Times* says in its lofty condescension, "we are inclined, from this point of view, to think that injustice is often done to those so-called 'dark ages.'" Lambert of Herzfeld may not be the equal of Cæsar or Tacitus, though he comes a great deal nearer to them than Lord Stanley or the *Times* is likely to imagine. But he who now writes the history of the times for which either Cæsar or Lambert is an original authority must make a longer story of it than Cæsar and Lambert did, simply because he stands in a wholly different position from Cæsar and Lambert. And after all, why stop at Cæsar and Tacitus? We trust that the names of Thucydides and Polybius would not have been wholly unknown in the ears of Glasgow students. And the two Greek historians themselves illustrate our position in different ways. Thucydides writes down what he saw or heard from eye-witnesses. Polybius, writing of events before his own day, has constantly to stop in order to comment on and to refute the statements of other writers.

Lord Stanley thus seems to have still to learn the true position of that "classical" training which he defends by a sort of happy instinct. But however defective his address may be in this respect, nothing can surpass the wise and practical character of the advice which he gives his hearers, and it is pleasant to have the antidote coming so soon after the bane.

PROTECTING SHIPS FROM FOULING.—For this purpose, Mr. Robert Smith, shipowner, places, the *Scientific Review* states, a pipe along one or both sides of the keel, stern, and stern-post of the vessel. These pipes are supplied with a compound, which, when brought in contact with water, generates a gas or vapour capable of destroying barnacles, animalcules, and other animals or vegetables which foul the ships. The gas issues from the pipes through slits or perforations, so as to be diffused over the exterior surface of the vessel. The compound employed consists of sulphur, resin, and fish or other oil in about equal proportions. These ingredients are mixed together when hot, forming a paste, with which the pipes are filled. Instead of resin, raw turpentine or pitch may be used; and sometimes, to facilitate the action of the compound, lime or chalk is added. The pipes may be dis-

posed with, and the compound applied to the ship with a brush, the surface having been first rubbed with chalk or lime. Public Opinion.

THE Broad Arrow mentions that the rumours of an augmentation of the corps of Engineers by two battalions have again cropped up. The latest project thrown out for consideration is that the corps should be increased by two battalions, the augmentation to be at the rate of half a battalion per annum, commencing with this year. The Old Royal Corps to be benefited by the augmentation the first and fourth year, and the Old Indian Corps by that of the second and third year. Public Opinion.

STANZAS TO SUMNER.

SAY that an Aristocracy, which fears
 Plebeian rule too much, and street-made law,
 And rough equality where all are peers,
 Well pleased the cleft of your Republic saw,
 And South Secession's sword against North
 draw;

Rejoiced to think that chasm would never close,
 And huge Democracy the world o'erawe:
 No longer, split asunder, and at blows:
 Withal took not your part, but sided with your
 foes.

Say that a Government the fact too soon
 Proclaimed, which it needs must have, soon or
 late,

Giving your rebels 'vantage, for which boon
 From your own act they would have had to
 wait,

So much if you unblushingly can state:
 Say that a better watch it might have kept,
 And that you had just cause to be if late,
 Because a pirate cruiser, while it slept,
 Out of a British port, the *Alabama*, crept.

Suppose all this. How spoke the People's voice?
 Your adversaries did they back or you?

Why, your War's issue hung upon their choice,
 NAPOLEON would have made your Nation two,
 Would Englishmen his plan have helped him
 through.

Yet not for Manchester and all its poor,
 Starved by your conflict, did they prove un-
 true;

Bearing dire loss with patience, they forbore
 The cry that would have made your Union last
 no more.

What's your return for British sympathy,
 SUMNER and Senate? On wild fiction based
 You proffer us outrageous humble pie,

When meekness only can have earned its taste,
 Yielding so much we were all but disgraced.
 Bullies, before the French Imperial throne,

Let, if you dare, your dainty dish be placed.
 There tender humble pie in hectoring tone.

Ah, but already there you've feasted on your
 own!

Punch.

&

Of all the types in a printer's hand,
 Commend me to the Amperzand,
 For he's the gentleman, (seems to me)
 Of the typographical companie.

O my nice little Amperzand,
 My graceful, swanlike Amperzand.
 Nothing that CADMUS ever planned
 Equals my elegant Amperzand!

He's never bothered, like A. B. C.
 In Index, Guide, and Directorie:
 He's never stuck on a Peeler's coat,
 Nor hung to show where the folks must vota.
 No, my nice little Amperzand,
 My plump and curly Amperzand,
 When I've a pen in a listless hand,
 I'm always making an Amperzand!

Many a letter your writers hate,
 Ugly *q*, with his tail so straight,
X, that makes you cross as a bear,
 And *z*, that helps you with zouns to swear,
 But not my nice little Amperzand,
 My easily dashed off Amperzand,
 Any odd shape folks understand
 To mean my Protean Amperzand!

Nothing for him that's starch or stiff,
 Never he's used in scold or tiff,
 State epistles, so dull and grand,
 Mustn't contain the shortened and.
 No, my nice little Amperzand,
 Your good for those who're jolly and bland,
 In days when letters were dried with sand
 Old frumps wouldn't use my Amperzand!

But he is dear in old friendship's call,
 Or when love is laughing through lady-scrawl:
 "Come & dine, & have bachelor's fare."
 "Come, & I'll keep you a Round & Square."

Yes, my nice little Amperzand
 Never must into a word expand,
 Gentle sign of affection stand,
 My kind, familiar Amperzand.

"Letters Five do form his name:"
 His, who Millions doth teach and tame:
 If I could not be in that Sacred Band,
 I'd be the affable Amperzand.

Yes, my nice little Amperzand,
 And when P. U. N. C. H. is driving his five-
 in-hand,

I'll have a velocipede, neatly planned
 In the shape of a fly-away Amperzand.

Hanwell.

SCANDULA EXOLUTA.
 Punch.

BALLAD OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.

O SAY not tradesmen cheat in weight,
 Or practise fraud in measure,
 To such extent as to create
 Much harm, or gain much treasure.

O say not with intent unfair
 The shopkeeper arranges
 Unequal scales; but wear and tear
 Their due proportion changes.

'Tis few that can with rogues be classed
 Of all the trading body;
 No gross aspersion on them cast—
 Excuse a little shoddy.

Punch.